

# LIFE'S VAGARIES,

A

COMEDY,

IN

FIVE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

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WRITTEN BY

JOHN O'KEEFFE.

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Man's unprecious natural estate,  
Improveable at will, in virtue lies,  
It's tenure sure; it's income is divine.

YOUNG.

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1795.

(2)



## PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY MR. TAYLOR,

AND SPOKEN BY MR. MIDDLETON.

'Tis strange that authors, who so rarely find  
Their pray'rs can move an audience to be kind,  
Still send, with piteous tone and look forlorn,  
The Prologue forth to deprecate your scorn;  
Such doleful heralds, which would fain appear  
The timid struggles of a modest fear,  
The surly Critic views with jealous spleen,  
As the dull preface of the coming scene.  
In vain, the dread hostility to calm,  
E'en potent Flatt'ry tries her soothing balm;  
Pity's a crime his lofty soul disdains  
And his pride feasts upon the poet's pains.  
Yet now no critic rancour need we fear,  
For lib'ral candour holds her empire here,  
Candour, who scorns for little faults to pry,  
But looks on merits with a partial eye.

And sure a bard whose muse so oft has found  
The happy pow'r to kindle mirth around,  
Though, in her sportive moods, averse to trace,  
The rigid forms of *Action*, *Time*, and *Place*,  
While gen'rous objects animate her view,  
May still her gay luxuriant course pursue;  
For, mid her whims, she still has shewn the art,  
To press the **USEFUL MORAL** on the heart;  
With just contempt the worthless to discard,  
And deal to **VIRTUE** its deserv'd reward.

So aim'd the bard \* (if haply we may dare,  
Our humble scenes with noblest strains compare)  
'The bard whose favour'd muse could joy afford,  
That eas'd the cares of Rome's Imperial Lord,  
Who in her satire frolicsome and wild,  
Gave vice the deepest wounds when most she smil'd.

\* HORACE.

PERSONS

## PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

LORD TORRENDEL	- - -	<i>Mr. Bernard.</i>
LORD ARTHUR D'AUMERLE	-	<i>Mr. Lewis.</i>
SIR HANS BURGESS	- - -	<i>Mr. Menden.</i>
DICKINS	- - - - -	<i>Mr. Quick.</i>
GEORGE BURGESS	- - -	<i>Mr. Fawcett.</i>
TIMOLIN	- - - - -	<i>Mr. Johnson.</i>
L'OEILEET	- - - - -	<i>Mr. Farley.</i>
ROBIN	- - - - -	<i>Mr. Townshend.</i>
ROBINSON	- - - - -	
THOMAS	- - - - -	
COACHMAN	- - - - -	<i>Mr. Thomson.</i>
JOHN	- - - - -	<i>Mr. Ledger.</i>
CONSTABLE	- - - - -	
LADY TORRENDEL	- - -	<i>Mrs. Pope.</i>
AUGUSTA	- - - - -	<i>Miss Wallis.</i>
FANNY	- - - - -	<i>Mrs. Lee.</i>
MISS CLARE	- - - - -	<i>Miss Stuart.</i>
LANDLADY	- - - - -	<i>Mrs. Platt.</i>

### TRADESMEN, and SERVANTS.

**SCENE.**—*A Town, and adjacent Country near the Coast.*



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# LIFE'S VAGARIES,

A

## COMEDY.

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### ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Parlour in DICKINS'S; Breakfast things laid.*

*Enter SIR HANS BURGESS, and ROBIN.*

SIR HANS.

I'LL trust nothing to the errand cart, you must bring up my own waggon; cuts such a figure! a Gentleman's fine team ringing thro' a country town.

*Robin.* Why it does make folks stare.

*Sir H.* There's the Duke's cart, Lord, Marquis's cart, and why not his Worship's cart? and on it written in capitals, "Sir Hans Burgess! Samphire "Hall." Go—[*Exit Robin.*] (*Looks at his watch*) Late breakfast here. This little shop-keeper is quite spoilt by a Lord's taking notice of him—aping all the absurd impertinence of fashion; an insignificant cur mongrel, setting himself up for a greyhound.

*Enter DICKINS, in a morning gown, &c. tying his neckcloth—fits.*

*Dick.* When one sups at the Castle, no rising next morning (*yawns, not minding—Sir Hans.*)

*Sir H.* The Castle! sup with Lord Viscount Torrendel.

B

*Dick.*

*Dick.* His Lordship would make me bumper 'at last night, toasting such bundles of his fine girls; 'pon my soul I and Torrendel knock'd the bottle about rarely. How his Lordship stared at dinner when I hob nob'd him; says he, my dear Dickins, are you in earnest? 'pon my soul, said I, my dear Torrendel I am, that's poz. I'm used to good old black port, and his Lordship's pink Burgundy has given me an immense headache. No getting from him, he's such good company. (*yawns*)

*Sir H.* Then I'm not even to be asked to sit down?

*Dick.* Sir Hans Burgess! Oh, how do ye do?

*Sir H.* Well, this is good, a Gentleman comes to talk about business, and its "Oh, how do ye do." (*mimicks.*)

*Dick.* Business! true, I ride out with my Lord this morning.

*Sir H.* Please, Sir, first step into your shop, and weigh out the sugar and tobacco for my servant, Robin Hoofs.

*Dick.* (*rising*) Sir, if you don't know how to behave as a parlour visitor to me, as a customer, walk into my shop, and wait there till you are serv'd. Here, John, take this person's orders. Weigh tobacco! as you are now Sir Hans Burgess, I may yet be Sir Anthony Dickens; I may be knighted for bringing up an address. You made your money by a contract of hats, and an't I making mine by—

*Sir H.* Your country merchant shop of all sorts.

*Dick.* My banking-house, agencies, receiverships, factorships—

*Sir H.* And coal-ships. Now I have laid out my money in buying a scope of land, and my grand hobby is to turn it into a fashionable sea-bathing place. I have such a liberal mind to accommodate the public, I built first there a beautiful house—

*Dick.* For yourself. As my Lord says, to serve a man's self, has been long the way of doing things for the public good.

*Sir H.* I raised as pretty an hotel! and the neat row of lodging-houses!

*Dick.*

*Dick.* But to give it a name, you must get a few of us people of fashion down to it. Suppose I say to his Lordship, 'pon my soul Torrendel, now you should take a house from my friend, Sir Hans, he's a good, honest, stupid sort of a soul—why then, says my Lord, nay my dear Dickens, you are too severe. Yes, perhaps I may prevail on Torrendel to take one of your new houses.

*Sir H.* Not so much good in you, hem! a pity, friend Dickens, my Lord can't admit you for an hour to his table, but it makes you so cursed saucy.

*Dick.* Proud! a proof my Lord ca'n't do without me.

*Sir H.* Why you are so clever that I will trust you, because I ca'n't do without you.

*Dick.* Very civil, (*bows*) as my Lud says; then says I, oh, dem it my Lud—

*Sir H.* Devils in you, and the Lud; I came to consult you. You know I design to bestow my ward Augusta Woodbine, with her whole fortune, on my son George; but I fear the report of her riches will bring all your flashy, high-titled gentry about her, then—

*Dick.* Ay! then, indeed, she may be for despising a son of yours. As my Lud was filling his glass, my jogging his elbow, dem it, Dickens, said he, you are full of mischief.

*Sir H.* Oh, sounds!—(*impatiently*)

*Dick.* Hem! wa'n't Miss Augusta adopted by her uncle on his discarding his own daughter for a *faux pas* with some man of fashion two and twenty years back?

*Sir H.* Devil's in your twenty year's back! how to bring my son's marriage about now?

*Dick.* Make your ward think that her uncle has made a second will, and that she's not worth twopence, then she'll be glad to snap at your George.

*Sir H.* Eh! I expect her to-day from London. According to that plan, it will shew too much attention to go myself to meet her—I'll let her down—I'll send any body—will you go, my dear fellow?

*Dick.* Civil again; (*bows*) its a doubt to me, if you know how to make a bow, Sir Hans, ha, ha, ha! this morning I, making my bow of leave to his Ludship, sliding back, stumbled upon the poor Chaplain's toe; my Lud laughed! Zounds! cries his Reverence, you've killed me! Huzza, says my Lud, then the parson's dead, and has lost his living, ha, ha, ha! Oh, but to meet this Lady I'll send my daughter Fanny. Here she is.

*Enter FANNY, stops short, and makes a low curtsey.*

Why, Miss, isn't this your school hour?

*Fanny.* Yes, papa, but I've slept home for a book; did you see my Pleasing Instructor? (*looks about.*)

*Dick.* My dear, you must step over to the inn to receive—

*Fanny.* Lord! papa, what would our Governess say if a young Lady of her school was seen going into an inn? besides its now my reading time; then I have my embroidery; then I must practice my music; then say my French lesson; then the dancing-master; then, papa—

[*Exit curtseying, Sir Hans bows.*]

*Dick.* I must not take her from her accomplishments—I'll go, and in my way drop this parcel at my Lud's, a trivial thing, but was I to send it, it would be, "Eh, now, Dickens, why didn't you come yourself, my dear fellow? always happy to see you." Must call, my Lord may think I'm getting proud, pride is so contemptible. (*strutting about*)

*Sir H.* So it is, I despise it at this moment.

*Dick.* Well, good bye.

*Sir H.* Devil's in your good bye! Introduce me now to Lord Torrendel.

*Dick.* Why, I don't know, his Lordship supports vast dignity; but never mind, tho' he is very difficult of access, I'll introduce you, for my Lud says, "Dickens, I'll be glad to see some of your people; from my respect to you, you may command any service—never mind their awkward want of breeding, if known to you." Sir Hans, I'll present you to



to my Lud; expect to see all the importance of genuine old nobility; yet I'm of that consequence with him, that once presented by me, his Lordship and you are hand and glove. *[Exit pompously.]*

Sir H. Ay! that you and I may be hand and purse. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—*A Chamber in Lord Torrendel's Castle.*

*Enter Lord Torrendel, and L'Ouilleit, adjusting his dress.*

Lord T. Then you think, L'Ouilleit, Lady Torrendel is still in Cumberland. She is too good a wife—I use her ill.

L'Ouil. Oui! mais, mi Lor, dat be de faute of la nature, vich did give your Lorship constitution galante amoureuse.

Lord T. No interruption from my wife here, ha, ha, ha! good deception this of mine, to make her believe I'm at Lisbon for the re-establishment of my health; never was better in my life!

L'Ouil. Your Lorship be robuste comme Hercule; vid your spindle shank. *(aside)*

Lord T. Lady Torrendel, among the lakes, little imagines that I am retir'd hither to this scene of darling pleasures; a doubt to me if she even knows I've still a seat in this part of the country. She is truly amiable, her mind stored with every delicate refinement, and for personal charms has few superiors; I like people should know so fine a woman chose me;—yes, she seems the only person unconscious of her shining qualities; but I cannot help my irresistible penchant for variety, *(ringing without)* I'm not at home; the little girl, Dickins's daughter Fanny! isn't her name Fanny? an absolute Cherub!

L'Ouil. Ah! oui milor—Fanny Dickins, Fanny Cherub!

Lord T. But living beauty cannot banish the sweet remembrance of Emily Woodbine. If her father hadn't disinherited her for coming off with me, and

adopted his niece, I shou'dn't now be troubled with this profligate boy of her's, this Lord Arthur, as he calls himself—presumes as if my son in real *wedlock*. My sitting him out for the Indies was doing very handsome for a chance child.

*L'Oeil*. Milor, I did vid money, you give me, furnish him superbement for voyage de mer; but he did make such a *sabat affreux* in de ship, dat he vas turn'd out—(*aside*) so I did tell you; but your money I have snug dans ma poche.

*Lord T.* He's well enough, I hear, as to his person.

*L'Oeil*. Oui! il est fait à peindre, l'image of your lordship!

*Lord T.* But mad! I'm absolutely afraid of him.

*L'Oeil*. Milor, here come de pretty girl.

*Lord T.* L'Oeillet! how do I look this morning? candid now! I always like the truth.

*L'Oeil*. Den, en verité, milor, you look not above fifty, tho' you are a quarter past.

*Lord T.* Fifty! L'Oeillet you are exceedingly coarse.

*Enter FANNY.*

Ha, my charmer!

*Fan*. 'Pon my word, Sir, my Lord I mean, if you talk that way to me, I won't come here any more; I didn't know you was in the room, or I shou'dn't have come in I assure you, Sir, my Lord I mean.

*L'Oeil*. Ah, petite badine. Mamselle Fanny come purpose to see my Lor.

*Fan*. Monsieur, how can you tell such fibs.

*Lord T.* Do now, my love, declare and make me happy.

*Fan*. Then I only came because——

*Lord T.* What, my love?

*L'Oeil*. Ah, pourquoi?

*Fan*. Because papa says its a boyish play, and all the rooms in our house are so small, and you've such a fine long gallery here, and Janney the house-keeper's



er's daughter is so smart at—he! he! he! (*produces battledores.*)

*Enter THOMAS, with a parcel.*

*L'Oril. (snatching it.) Va t'en! (pushes him off.)*

*Lord T. (breaks it open.)* Oh, some begging petition. How! my Lady Torrondel's hand! *L'Orillet* do you read, and write some consistent answers; date the letters from Lisbon as usual.

*L'Oril.* Wile you, milor, play de raquette vid Miss Fanny.

*Fan.* What! can you play, Sir, my Lord I mean?

*Lord T. (aside).* To win a girl one must comply with all her childish follies. (*To L'Orillet*) Say the sprain's not better—can't lift my arm—and all that.

*Fan.* Ca'n't lift your arm! you flourish it finely, Sir; my Lord I mean.

*Lord T.* Come, my love. (*they play*)

*L'Oril.* Ah! bien—trés bien! (*Exit, admiring.*)

*Enter DICKING, and SIR HANS, who stand amazed.*

*Fan.* Oh! my Lord, what a rare old bean the King won'd think you now, and if my papa was to see me—oh! (*seeing Dicking, runs, he stops her.*)

*Dick.* So, this is your "Pleasing Instructor."

*Sir H.* The dignity of "genuine old nobility!"

*Lord T.* Ah, hem! what, Sir?

*Dick.* I beg your Lordship's pardon, but I brought a parcel, and am come up to save your Lordship's coming down. (*sniggering.*)

*Lord T.* Impudent intrusion this!

*Dick.* Miss, you step over to the Rose Inn to receive a young Lady just arrived from London—go.

*Fan.* Lord, Papa!—give my battledores to Jenny. (*apart to Lord Torrondel, goes to door, turns, makes a low curtsy, and exits gravely.*)

*Sir H.* How finely she holds up her head.

*Dick.* All the good she's got at the boarding school.

*Lord T.* Dem it! once you shake face with these kind of people.

*Sir*

*Sir H.* The devil's in your strutting! why don't you present me?

*Dick.* Oh, true, my Lord give me leave to introduce—

*Lord T.* Ah! hey! L'Oeillet! (*calls and exit. Dickins stands confused.*)

*Sir H.* Dickins, since I have been introduced by you, his Lordship and I are "hand and glove," ha, ha, ha!

*Dick.* Get drunk with a man over night, and in the morning its—

*Sir H.* Ah! hey! L'Oeillet! (*mimicks.*)

*Dick.* Hem!

[*Exit.*]

*Sir H.* Stop, my Lord ca'n't do without you.

*Enter L'OUILLET hastily.*

*L'Ouil.* Mon dieu! vere be my Lord to tell him of dis beauty lady flop at de Rose Inn?

*Sir H.* I see the valet's the prime favourite after all. (*aside*) Monsieur, please to accept—(*gives money.*)

*L'Ouil.* Qu'est que c'est? vat's dis?

*Sir H.* 'Tis—you are so civil.

*L'Ouil.* Ah! je vous entends—to make me civil.

*Sir H.* Sir!

[*Bows and exit.*]

*L'Ouil.* Two guinea! very polite! he vant ma protection. In his Lordship's service I have been but four year, yet have sav'd two thousand guinea; the guinea flow to my coffer in many channel. My Lor fancy watch, trinket to present as decoy to Lady, I buy at ten guinea, charge him twenty. I wink at de tradesman's bill, ven paid he slip me de guinea:—if tenant want lease renewed, I speak to my Lor, tenant mé donne the guinea. De maitre tink we be dere servants, but when we have got into de love-secret, pardi! den de maitre become servant to de valet de chambre.

[*Exit.*]

### SCENE III.—A Room in an Inn.

*Enter Landlady, introducing AUGUSTA.*

*Landlady.* This way, Madam.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter*

*Enter FANNY.*

*Fan.* How d'ye do, Ma'am, after your journey?

*Aug.* Tolerably well, Miss—but, pray, who am I to thank for this obliging enquiry?

*Fan.* Why, Miss, a'n't you the great heiress, Miss Augusta Woodbine, Sir Hans Burgess expected down here from London?

*Aug.* Where is the good old gentleman?

*Fan.* He good! brought papa upon me just now! he, he, he! I was caught—but pray don't you young Ladies in London sometimes play at shuttlecock?

*Aug.* Ha, ha, ha! why, Miss, you are very agreeable—what a simple thing! (*aside*) but, how came you to know, or expect me?

*Fan.* Papa sent me to receive you.

*Aug.* I didn't know Sir Hans had a daughter—Miss Burgess I presume.

*Fan.* He, he, he! no! I am not Miss, but I may be Mrs. Burgess, for young George is quite partial to me: there he's now gone on his travels round Brighton, and Battle, and Hasting, Sandwich, and Margate, and Ramsgate, My dear soul, George Burgess is a very fine creature, I assure you.

*Aug.* I ca'n't doubt his taste, Miss, when I understand he's an admirer of your's.

*Fan.* Ah! now I see the difference between you and us down here. You are a true Lady, and we are only conceited figures, and so I'll tell all the Ladies in our school, and I don't care if my French teacher hears me too. 'Pon my honour, with all my finery, I'm but a shabby genteel.

*Enter DICKINS.*

*Dick.* If my scheme of letting down our young heiress, can bring about a match with Sir Hans's son George, by agreement I touch the handsome present.

*Fan.* La, papa! why don't you speak to the young Lady?

*Dick.* Welcome, Miss! (*nods familiarly*)

*Aug.*

*Aug.* Sir. (*courtesies*) I wish somebody would call my servant. (*going*)

*Fan.* Miss, I'll run.

*Dick.* Stop. Now to let her down. (*aside*) Miss, I've discharged your servant.

*Aug.* Now, Sir!

*Dick.* And, my dear, instead of attendance on yourself, you must learn to attend on others, my dear.

*Aug.* Sir! very odd and mysterious; this brutal treatment—(*aside*)—my guardian lives but a few miles—the carriage ready! (*going*)

*Dick.* Never mind, my dear, you'll be able to walk as far as you've to go; you can walk! (*abruptly*)

*Aug.* Heavens! what can be the meaning!—

*Dick.* A word, Miss; you have been brought up with the idea of a great fortune. Smoke! your uncle has made a second will, and bequeath'd all his property to a—some Mr. Jackson, or Mr. Johnson, no matter who.

*Aug.* I don't know who you are, Sir, but if acquainted in my affairs, surely by my uncle's will I am——

*Dick.* A man's *last* will is the clincher, tho' he had made fifty before; you are left a trifling legacy, and a handsome education, so must now battle it out for yourself.

*Fan.* I could cry for her misfortune, if I wasn't glad at its making us more equal. Before, I admir'd; but now, I shall love her dearly.

*Dick.* My generosity is such, that, at Sir Han's request, I'll take you into my house to be governess to my daughter Fanny, here.

*Aug.* Can this be possible?

*Fan.* Lawd! then I'm to leave school! (*joyful*)

*Dick.* You shall have my protection, you may dine at my table when we have no particular company. No occasion to acquaint you, my dear, of my property and fortune—first fashion. (*looks at his watch*) My Lord may now have call'd at my house! but dem-it, let him call again!

*Enter*



*Enter JOHN, with a large bag.*

*John.* Here, Sir Hans's man says you sold him better moist sugar for 6d. a pound.

*Dick.* Get you gone, you rascal! (*pushes him out*)

*Pan.* La, papa, why don't you mind the business of the shop?

*Dick.* Hem! yes, I want a governess for my daughter. What say you, Miss?

*Aug.* Sir, I am a friendless orphan; no alternative—but such an asylum! (*aside, and weeps*)

*Dick.* Come, young Lady, don't be cast down.

*Aug.* I am surprised—perhaps concern'd; but the prospect of riches gave me little pleasure in the reflection that I was to possess what belong'd to an unfortunate relative; the unforgiving spirit of her obdurate parent took the birth-right from his own lamented daughter, cast down! I could be happy was I sure my uncle's wealth would devolve on the offspring of his child's offence; the poor youth, who may at this moment be a wretched outcast, disown'd by an unprincipled father, and no inheritance, but his mother's shame.

*Dick.* Why, a babe was, I heard, the consequence of your Cousin's slip; a boy—this young mad Lord Arthur D'Aumerle, as he calls himself; (*aside*) but, dear, nobody knows any thing of the bantling; it may be dead or drowned, or—well, but, Miss, what think ye?

*Aug.* Sir, I accept your offer.

*Dick.* Now, I shall have you under my own eye, no more playing shuttlecocks with Lords—but, how are you qualified for this office? what is your idea of the duties, in bringing up a young woman?

*Aug.* Sir, by the mouth of a parent she receives admonition from Heaven itself; and when he commits that charge to another, it is indeed sacred. The care of youth is an arduous, and delicate trust of confidence, and honour; I look upon truth, cleanliness,

cleanliness, and frugality, to be the first principles in a lady's education. They preserve to her mind, person, and means, purity, health, and independence of obligation, which thro' the devious paths of her future life, to the unsuspecting female, is often the concealed adder, for the destruction of her innocence.

*Dick.* She set out pretty well about my heavenly authority, and my delicate mouth; but, lord, she has got quite out; (*aside*) well, in truth, my dear, your quondam guardian, bid me break this affair in a rough way, to lower your spirit, to your situation; but it's my intention to treat you with kindness and respect. (*aside*) This will do me no harm, when she finds she has *still* the fortune.

*Enter L'OUILLET.*

*L'Oril.* Vraiment oui! here is de charmante inconnue for milor; (*aside*) and Miss Fanny! ah! ha! (*with freedom*)

*Dick.* And Miss Fanny's pa! pa! (*interposing*) Monsieur—you want now, I suppose, to engage my daughter in a match of cricket; but you shall get all the notches on your pate.

*L'Oril.* Non! Monsieur, I did come vid milor's compliments—you ride cavalcade vid him dis morning.

*Dick.* What! after his affronting me!

*L'Oril.* Affront pah! votre intérêt.

*Dick.* True! interest is the gold-beater's leaf, for my wounded pride. Come, Miss, be chearful; you'll dine with us—dinner on table at six.

*Fan.* Why, papa, we always dine at one.

*Dick.* Fanny, to amuse you, will show you our town here.

*L'Oril.* I vill show de Lady de town. (*bowing*)

*Dick.* (*Bowing*) Don't you believe it. After you; s'il vous plait, Monsieur. (*exit*)

*Fan.* Yes, papa, I'll take Miss Augusta to the cathedral, the play-house, and shambles, the beast-market,



market and assembly-room, and by—she shall see the fine gallery of pictures, in my Lord's castle too.

*Tim.* (*Without*) Give me my own big bottle of old claret, in my own fist.

*Fan.* A man! oh! Lord! I must take care of my governess. (*account*)

*Enter TIMOLIN, with wine and glass and Landlady.*

*Tim.* Puppies! but they couldn't read in my face, that I was gentleman to a Lord.

*Land.* Here, porters, fetch up his Lordship's, and the Gentleman's trunks, let Dick and Tom Ofler give a help; take care how you turn the stairs.

*Enter WAITER, with two small bundles.*

*Wait.* Here, Ma'am, is the luggage. (*Timolin ashamed*)

*Land.* And call for claret! (*aside*) Your master, Sir, is——?

*Tim.* The Honourable Lord Arthur D'Aumerle.

*Land.* The Honourable Lord——

[*Exit with Waiter.*]

*Tim.* (*taking papers out of his pocket*). I hope my Lord wo'n't find out, that I collected all these tradesmen's bills, which he ran up in London; he'd never have thought of them himself. This claret is neat—since he did call for it, I may as well drink it; for he has run out of the house. If his father, this Lord Torrendel wo'n't do something, no going back to London, for us!

ENTER *Waiter.*

*Wait.* Sir, the other gentleman is calling for you, and making a great noise.

*Tim.* Noise! aye, that's quite himself. Then, Sir, this gentleman will wait upon that gentleman, and that may happen to save all the bottles and glasses in your house.

*Wait.* He has just taken lodgings, at the jeweller's over the way.

*Tim.*

*Tim.* What may the price be?

*Wait.* I think, they let them at three guineas a week.

*Tim.* (*Whistles, Waiter flares*) Don't be frightened it's only a little new tune I was humming.

*Wait.* Sir, he desires his luggage to be brought to him. (*Timolin ashamed, looking at bundles whistles*) Sir!

*Tim.* What's the matter with you now? luggage! have you good strong porters here, and a big cart?

*Wait.* For what, Sir?

*Tim.* For—hem! only Sir—I'm afraid, our luggage will break down the landlady's stair-case.  
"And there was three travellers—travellers three."

[*Exeunt, Timolin, singing.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. Before the Castle.

*Enter LORD TORRENDEL.*

*Lord Tor.* No, the phaeton: (*calling off*) I may see this little girl in the evening, and after an hour on horseback; my limbs, not quite so supple, appear rather older than such a young creature should think one; but, true—I asked this Dickins to ride out with me to-day. One should hold these sort of people at arm's length, till we want to turn them into some use.

*Enter TIMOLIN, who takes papers from his pocket, and thrusts them into Lord TORRENDEL's hand.*

*Tim.* There! now you have the whole kit of them.

*Lord Tor.* Who are you? what's all this? bills!

*Tim.* Yes, and by my soul they're not bank bills, and that's the worst of them; and, they're not play bills,

bills, and that's the best of them for there's not a gaming debt in the whole cluster.

*Lord Tor.* But, friend, you should have delivered them to my banker, Mr. Dickins.

*Tim.* A banker! he'll give me the money! (*joy*) by finding you so good, oh! how you've disappointed me. (*going*)

*Lord Tor.* Stop! (*looks at bills*) "Lord Torrendel, debtor, for goods delivered to Lord Arthur;" who the Devil's Lord Arthur D'Aumerle?

*Tim.* Now don't be in a passion, why, I am his servant.

*Lord Tor.* But who is he himself?

*Tim.* Come, be aisy my Lord, don't go to pretend to know nothing of your own child.

*Lord Tor.* How dare any fellow assume Lord Arthur!

*Tim.* He has the honour of being your son.

*Lord Tor.* 'Tis false.

*Tim.* Well, he has no honour in being your son.

*Lord Tor.* An infernal rascal! run about, contract debts, send in his bills to me! I won't pay a shilling to save him from perdition.

*Tim.* Perdition! some new-fashion'd name for the King's Bench.

*Enter GROOM.*

*Groom.* My Lord, am I to saddle the chesnut mare for Mr. Dickins? he insists upon having it.

*Lord Tor.* Yes, yes, scoundrel! (*walks*.)

*Groom.* She cost your Lordship two hundred guineas; he's a bad rider, and if she should get any hurt—

*Lord Tor.* Dem it, don't trouble me with your quarrels. [*Exit Groom.*]

*Tim.* Refuse his child a few pounds, a bit of beef, a feather bed, and a hat and a pair of shoes, or so; yet mounts a Mr. Dickins on a horse cost 200 guineas!

*Lord T.* This damn'd ———, can't keep within the allowance that I——

*Tim.* What allowance do you mean?

*Lord T.* An extravagant —

*Tim.* He is extravagant; wicked; he's a devil! but, it's all your fault, my Lord, as a father; not noticing and bringing him up with a sense of duty to himself and his neighbours. Call to mind how you loved his mother, and inveigled her from her friends, tho' you wasn't married to the poor unhappy lady, that doesn't make the child's little finger a bit less your son.

*Lord T.* Emily! (*takes out his purse*) for her dear sake —

*Tim.* Then blessings on you! besides, Lord Arthur is such a gay —

*Lord T.* Lord Arthur again! not a guinea!

*Tim.* And as like your Lordship as a sprightly young buck is like — an old shambling baboon. (*aside*)

*Lord T.* I know nothing about him.

*Tim.* These they call gallantries, to bring a living creature into the world and then to leave him like a wild beast to prey upon society. (*Lord Torrendal walks about enraged; Timolin following.*) Now, my lord, only see him.

*Lord T.* Begone.

*Tim.* I'll tell you what — you'll drive him desp'rate; he'll do some hellish thing or other; he'll commit a suicide upon either himself or me, for, when once he thinks any thing, he immediately does it, without thinking at all about it.

*Lord T.* Harkye, you scoundrel! if I hear of your Lord Arthur, or yourself, being seen about my door, I'll have you taken up.

*Tim.* Well, a small man taken up, doesn't cut such a pitiful figure, as a great man taken down. [*Exit.*]

*Lord T.* This eternal torment! [*Exit disturbed.*]

*Enter DICKINS, dressed in a uniform of Hunt, and JOHN.*

*Dick.* Yes, John, I think I'm very well equipp'd to ride out with my Lord.

*John.*



*John.* Well, Sir, you had a hundred guineas fee with me, and the day may yet come, for my crossing a hunter.

*Dick.* It may, John; when I was 'prentice in Barbican, and, like the house dog, slept in the shop; promis'd the watchman a pint, to rouse me, to go to the Easter Epping Hunt; "five o'clock and a fine morning!" thump comes the pole against the shop door; tingle, tingle, goes the little bell behind it; up starts me, from my bed under the counter; on with my buckskin and jemmy jacket; jumps into my two boots; mounts my three and sixpenny nag; but, first I put my spurs in my pocket; hey off we go, thro' Hackney, Hammerton—I saw the stag once, but then heard the hounds all the way; find I've a short and a long stirrup: dismount to put them even; forgetting to buckle the girt, down comes me, and the saddle at top of me; by this I flung out; but, to prove I was in at the death, presents my kind mistress with a piece of the stag's horn, which horn she gives her husband for a tobacco stopper, with "ah my dear hubby, I wish you were as good a sportsman as your 'prentice Tony Dickins, ah he's the smart fellow," ha! ha! ha! and so I was, and dem it so I am still—John, you needn't wait dinner, I shall dine with Torrendel.

[*Exit John.*  
Sir Hans! curse it, I can't be plagued with such a silly old fool now.

*Enter Sir HANS.*

*Sir H.* Hollo, Dickins! so you have seen my ward, Miss Augusta.

*Dick.* Yes, yes, I have humbled her rarely, but pray don't delay me now, I'm engaged to ride out with my Lord. I, and Torrendel, may first take a turn or two down the Sreet, arm in arm, right side, so don't hide the star! my dear Hans don't stop to talk to me; if you've people with you, and should bow, I'll return it.

C 3

*Re-entr.*

*Re-enter Lord TORRENDIL.*

*Lord T.* Scoundrel! call himself my son; keep servants too.

*Dick.* Well, my Lord, here I am: whip and spur.

*Lord T.* Desire the porter not to admit either of them. *(calls off)*

*Sir H.* Not admit either of us!

*Dick.* Poh! hold your tongue. *(pushing him)* My Lad, I had a little head ache from our debauch last night; you look vastly well, but a little cherry will do us both good.

*Lord T.* Pray, Sir, what are you talking about?

*Dick.* Why, my Lord, you sent for me to—

*Lord T.* Poh! poh! man, I sha'n't ride out to-day. *[Exit.]*

*Dick.* Go to the expence of dressing! view'd by every body in the town, strutting out in my leathers, and—

*Sir H.* Why, Sir, you're equipp'd in your leathers.

*Dick.* "Poh! poh! man I sha'n't ride out to-day." *[Exit.]*

*Sir H.* And, pray, man, who cares whether you ride or walk? big little nobody! I'll introduce myself—Gad's curse! a'n't I a Knight, and if I can effect this marriage with Augusta and my George—

*Lord Arthur.* *(Without)* Timolin! *(Enters in slippers)* *(to Sir Hams.)* Where's Timolin? Sir, I ask pardon. My rascal dare loiter and had only to come and bring me a couple of hundred guineas from my father; I'll see my Lord myself. *(rings violently at the gate.)*

*Sir H.* Some young fellow of fashion!

*Lord Arth.* I'm run out in slippers; all asleep here!

*Sir H.* Yea, Sir, they were at a jollification last night; Mr. Dickins told me.

*Lord Arth.* Who? aye, my father keeps it up here, and I without the price of a bottle.

*Sir H.* *(aside)* A little civility might make this Gentleman take lodgings at Samphire-hall.

*Lord*



*Lord Arth.* So, I'm not to be let in! then I'll have some of you out. (*rings.*)

*Sir H.* Are you in this way, Sir? (*offering snuff-box, which Lord Arthur dashes through a window.*) the devil's in you, Sir! what sort of mad trick's that, to knock a Gentleman's snuff-box. [*Exit.*]

*Enter a MAN, with boots.*

*Lord Arth.* Whose boots are these? what do you ask for these boots?

*Man.* They are bought already, Sir, I'm bringing them home to my Lord Torrendel.

*Lord Arth.* My father; (*aside*) you could make me a pair?

*Man.* Certainly, Sir.

*Lord Arth.* These are about my size. (*kicks slippers off, and puts the boots on.*)

*Man.* Don't put them on, Sir, I can take your measure.

*Lord Arth.* My dear fellow, why should I give you that trouble, when here is a pair ready made! that fits, now this, the whole world is made up of this, that, and tother, I have this, and that, and tother I don't want, for two boots will do for me as well as fifty.

*Man.* Lord, Sir, don't walk about in them, his Lordship wo'n't have them.

*Lord Arth.* A paradox! his Lordship cannot have them, and his Lordship has them already.

*Re-enter Sir HANS.*

*Sir H.* Only the pebble knocked out of the lid? never saw such a strange ——

*Man.* The boots are now unsaleable, his Lordship wo'n't take them off my hands.

*Lord Arth.* Nor off my Lordship's feet.

*Sir H.* Lord! then I'll pocket my broken box.

*Man.* They are two guineas, Sir.

*Lord Arth.* (*To Sir Hans*) Sir, I beg you a thousand pardons for my inadvertency.

*Sir H.* Inadvertency! a man of rank, by not knowing what he does.

*Man.*

*Man.* We never book such trifles, Sir.

*Lord Arth.* Well then set them down to me, to Lord Arthur D'Aumerle; or, carry the bill to my father; or, Timolin will pay you; or, any body will pay you.

*Man.* I'll see if the law wo'n't make you pay me.

[*Exit Man.*]

*Sir H.* Sir, I presume you are Lord Arthur D'Aumerle.

*Lord Arth.* Right—who are you? (*aside*) oh! Sir Hans Burgess! that old fool they were laughing at—I hear an immense character of you, Sir Hans.

*Sir H.* Pray, my Lord, what do they say of me?

*Lord Arth.* Ha! ha! ha! what I ca'n't say to your face: that's my father's house.

*Sir H.* Indeed! why we didn't know Lord Torrendel had a son.

*Lord Arth.* He doesn't like my coming about him—he affects to be thought so very young, to recommend him to the Ladies; you understand me, Sir Hans?

*Sir H.* Not see you! he's a very unnatural father.

*Lord Arth.* And yet I'm quite a natural son.

*Enter THOMAS.*

*Thomas.* Sir, my Lord is very much alarm'd, and begs you will not commit any more outrage, or attempt to see him.

*Lord Arth.* Did he give the money to my servant?

*Thom.* Why, Sir, I did see his Lordship's purse—

*Lord Arth.* Then, he has my profound duty—I ask his pardon. (*exit Thomas*) He's a very tolerable father after all—huzza! I'll now pay my debts and be a man again.

*Sir H.* I with my son George had your fire.

*Lord Arth.* You've a son? I'll show him how to knock your cash about!

*Sir H.* Good morning to you, Sir. (*going*)

*Lord Arth.* Not so, Sir Hans! come and take a Sandwich with me.

*Sir*

*Sir H.* You hit my humour—I'm very wise and cunning—I'd do any thing to get money: but all only to see my son George make a blaze.

*Lord Arth.* A conflagration! come—old Hock's the word. I have a bachelor's house—that is, I lodge at the jeweller's yonder; I like to have things about me; I've ordered in wines and relishes—I want your opinion of a horse I've bought just now. Dem me! how I'll curve it before noble dad's door! he shall see I can spend my money like a gentleman.

*Sir H.* What a noble lad, I could never get my son George to buy a jack ass.

*Lord Arth.* Come, old hock's the word. [*Exeunt.*]

**SCENE II.** *LORD ARTHUR's lodgings. New cloaths, linen, saddle, hat, &c. lying on chairs.*

*Enter TIMOLIN.*

*Tim.* Oh, melancholy is our new home here. I'd wish to keep up my poor master's spirits, but he'll see an empty pocket in my dismal countenance. If his papa had only given him as much as would have taken us back to London—well, well, we have no debts to lay hold on us in this town, however—(*sets the things*) oh thunder and sounds! what's here;—been shopping on the strength of the expected money! Ordered in wine too! Oh, oh, then not a cork shall be drawn till it is paid for. (*Locks the cupboard and takes the key.*)

*Lord Arth.* (*without*) This way, Sir Hans. Oh, very well ma'am; but where's my servant?

*Tim.* Bringing company too!

*Enter LORD ARTHUR, and SIR HANS.*

*Lord Arth.* Pray, Sir, walk in—be seated. So we've touched—(*joyful*)

*Tim.* Yes! we shall be touched. (*dismal*)

*Lord Arth.* Timolin, that old hock!

*Tim.* Timolin, that old hock! I believe you're jumping out of your leather.

*Lord Arth.* Ha! ha! ha! very well, Timolin. Sir Hans, that fellow's a treasure: but, when he does  
any

any thing clever, such as bringing a man a couple of hundred guineas, it makes him so pert —

*Sir H.* Yes! my Lord, when once a servant knows he's an honest man, he begins to be an impudent rascal.

*Tim.* Poh! what talk's that! Was the devil busy with you, Sir, to send in all these new things from the tradesmen?

*Lord Arth.* Ha! ha! ha! very well—Timolin, the wine!—unlock! No! Sir Hans, this is the secret history of old hock, (*pointing to the cupboard*) and this (*touching his leg*) is the key to it. (*Bursts the door, and brings out wine.*)

*Tim.* Broke open the cupboard—Oh, he'll get us both hanged.

*Lord Arth.* Sir Hans, without expedient a man's nothing.

*Sir H.* You and your servant, my Lord, put one in mind of a couple of ghosts. You are all spirit, and he is no body—ha! ha! ha!

*Lord Arth.* Bravo!

*Tim.* My Lord, let me send these things back to the honest people.

*Lord Arth.* Send yourself out of the room.

*Tim.* Only hear me.

*Lord Arth.* I'll give you such a beating, you villain!

*Tim.* Well, so you do but hear me, beat me as long as you like.

*Lord Arth.* Lay the money upon my bureau and go to the devil. (*Puts him out*) The fellow is so puffed with doing a petty service—

*Sir H.* My Lord, I hope for the honour of seeing you down at Samphire hall, an infant scheme merely for the health and convenience of the gentry in this part of the country. I've converted a naked beach into as commodious a sea-bathing place—

*Lord Arth.* Then your principal object is—

*Sir H.* The main ocean!

*Lord Arth.* Psha? you want to establish it into a fashion? its done, I'll be seen there upon your stein  
or



or esplanade; my physician shall recommend all his patients from Brompton, and Paddington; a variety of gambling tabbies, honourable black legs, and rickety children.

*Re-enter TIMOLIN, with THOMAS.*

*Tim.* You told him! then untell him; for he won't hear me talk at all at all.

*Lord Arth.* There again! then, dam'me! now you shall bring me some brawn and anchovies.

*Tim.* Now don't make quite a kiskawn of yourself.

*Thomas.* Sir, I thought, when I told you that my Lord's purse —

*Lord Arth.* Yes! I'm grateful for good news—you shall have a bottle. (*gives him one and places him at table. Timolin stares, then runs to take it from him.*) What! don't be quite so busy; sit still.—(*to Thomas*) You march. (*pushes Timolin out.*)

*Sir H.* What a fine model for my son George! Come, my Lord, I'll give you a patriotic toast—Here's success to all my undertakings.

*Lord Arth.* Patriotic and disinterested indeed, Sir Hans! here's—

*Thomas.* Success to my undertakings!

*Lord Arth.* Right, little pigeon—finish your bottle by yourself, and, if you quarrel with your company, I'll kick you both out of the room. Have you advertised this place at Samphire-hall?

*Sir H.* I fancy advertising might make it better known; for newspaper's are a sort of things that's read.

*Lord Arth.* Why, yes, Sir Hans, people do read newspapers; how the deuce did you find out that? Come, I'll draw you up a flourishing advertisement.

*Sir H.* I employed a famous auctioneer to draw up one for me. (*takes a paper and peruses*) Mind how he describes the beauties—"To the right, the bold cliffs and high bluff heads—at the foot, Sir Hans has built an elegant strait row of houses, called "the Crescent"—Eh! that's very foolish.

*Lord Arth.* Why, yes! your crescent is a little in the full moon order, ha! ha! ha! (*gets pen and ink.*)

*Enter TIMOLIN, walks about with his arms folded.*

What do you mean by walking in here with your executioner's face?

*Tim.* Well, I didn't run in debt for my face. Step in here, all of you.

*Enter several Trades-people.*

*First Man.* Sir, the horse you bought—I'll be satisfied with a draught on Mr. Dickins, our banker, for the 50 guineas.

*Second Man.* Neighbours, you can take back your goods undamaged: but, I insist on being paid for my boots.

*Lord Arth.* Timolin!

*Tim.* Oh! I know nothing at all about it.

*Lord Arth.* Pay the people this moment.

*Tim.* With what?

*Lord Arth.* What! the two hundred my father gave you.

*Tim.* He didn't give me a Manx rap half-penny.

*Lord Arth.* No? why, I thought—by Heavens! I'll get into the house myself.

*Sir H. (rising)* Oh! my Lord, a thought strikes me of great consequence, in the present case.

*Lord Arth.* Well—Sir—quick?

*Sir H.* That here, instead of curlews, he should have said sea-gulls.

*Lord Arth.* Damn your sea-gulls, Sir! see a nobleman baited, by a parcel of mechanical —

*Tim.* There's all your goods for you again—what more do you want? (*they take up their several goods*)

*Lord Arth.* Every one of you, lay down my property this moment, in the very spot from whence you took it. I'll pay you the first money I receive; but now, begone, or I'll murder you.

*Tim.* Go good people, whatever he says he'll do.

*Thomas.* Here's gaiety and innocence! (*drinks*)

*Lord*



*Lord Arth.* True, it was you who told me first, that the money—I'll make you gay, you innocent dog. (*whips him off*)

*Sir H.* Oh! what a model for my George. (*Arthur gives him a stroke.*) [Exeunt.]

**SCENE III.**—*A Gallery in Lord Torrendel's, hung with whole length pictures of women.*

*Enter LORD TORRENDEL, and L'OEILLET.*

*Lord T.* So very lovely!

*L'Oeil.* Une beauté celeste! et pauvre—poor, therefore no danger from relations. So, my Lord, think no more of the rich mechanic Dickins's daughter.

*Lord T.* Why, their sturdy Citizens may be troublesome; but you say this young Lady is coming with Fanny, to see my pictures.

*L'Oeil.* Oui, My lor.

*Enter FANNY.*

*Fan.* This way, Miss Augusta.

*Lord T.* L'Oeillet! (*winks, exit L'Oeillet*) well, you have brought your new friend, to see my paintings?

*Fan.* Oh yes, Sir; my Lord I mean, but I didn't think you'd be in the way.

*Lord T.* Don't let her be alarmed at my presence.

*Fan.* Oh true, I'm not to let out you are a Lord? but she don't mind Lords, she's come from London; where there's plenty of such stupid nonsense.

*Lord T.* Fanny! I should like to have your picture here.

*Fan.* No, my Lord, sure you woudn't?

*Lord T.* And you shall have mine for a locket.

*Fan.* You think me a silly girl, but I know enough, never to give tokens, or accept presents, but from my papa, and one besides, a certain—not an old Lord! but a young man. As my new song says,

D

SONG.

## S O N G.

*Lasses all are simple,  
 So the wise ones say:  
 Caught by blush or dimple,  
 Who is silly pray?  
 The ribband, and the star,  
 One smile brings on a par,  
 With rustic maid, in her stockings blue:  
 Squeezing the hand, is the lasses cue.  
 For ting, ting, ting, ting,  
 I can dance, and sing.  
 (Step Minuet.)*

## II.

*When the boy we fancy,  
 Illy comes to woo:  
 Lady gay or Nancy,  
 All know what to do.  
 Tho' mantling cheek denies,  
 And language of the eyes,  
 When the tongue gives you words unkind,  
 Take in her silence the lasses mind.  
 With our ting, ting, ting,  
 I can dance, and sing.  
 (Quick Step.)*

*Re-enter L'OEUILLET.*

*J'Oeil. Here, my Lord, be de beauté Lady.*

*Fan. What a monkey you are, I don't know what you mean, by making so much of my governess.*

*Enter AUGUSTA.*

*Aug. Oh, are you here Fanny, the pictures in that room are so fascinating.*

*Lord T. L'Oeillet has good taste, she's a lovely creature; (bows) servant ma'am.*

*Aug. Sir! (curtsies)*

*Fan. Miss! never mind this old gentleman, he's only the house steward.*

*Lord T. Old!*

*Aug.*

*Aug.* (*looking round*) Something in the manner of the beauties at Hampton Court—true, I've been told what he is.

*Fan.* What do they say of my Lord? he, he, he! she's going to abuse you. (*apart*)

*Aug.* Fancy habits, or drawn in their real characters?

*Lord T.* Both, madam, they are Ladies that his Lordship's heart as at times been devoted to.

*Aug.* And his Lordship, I presume, has flattered himself into the idea, that he was at times in possession of their hearts. (*Lord bows.*)

*Fan.* Now, what do you bow for? Miss wasn't speaking of you, Mr. Old Steward? (*apart*) I said she'd abuse you.

*Aug.* What a sweet expression in that countenance! (*pointing to a picture*)

*Lord T.* Her loss, madam, makes a chasm in his Lordship's heart, never to be filled but by a face, the lovely emblem of this collected group of charms. (*bows to her*) That is Miss Emily Woodbine.

*Aug.* My cousin! then am I in the house of her base destroyer!

*Lord T.* What's the matter Madam?

*Aug.* Not much, Sir, I'm not very well. Come, Fanny! a star! heavens! have I been talking to—

*Lord T.* Stay, my divine girl!

*Aug.* My Lord, it ill becomes my youth, and humble life, to offer admonition, where age should be the monitor of inexperience; and exalted rank only illustrious in virtuous example. The veil of delicacy drops between my mind and tongue—I cannot say what I think you: but the bitter reproach will yet reach your heart, when your only hope lies in pardon for a bad life, from, perhaps, a too late repentance:

[*Exit.*

*Fan.* What, has my governess run away! why Miss! Miss!

[*Exit.*

*Lord T.* Her words have pierc'd me—but I must have her—the only being worthy to supply the place of my lost Emily, and banish all other pursuits

from my mind ; from her good sense I shall enjoy rational society—and from her beauty—yes, L'Œillet must finish, what he has so well begun. [*Exit.*]

*Enter* LORD ARTHUR.

*Lord Arth.* Prevent a dutiful son from seeing his honour'd parent ! I'll convince him I'm a good boy—he shall see me, and I will be his comfort, and, though he commands me to be gone, I'll stay with him to prove my obedience. What a pity that the omission of saying a few words, before I was born, should prevent me from being lawful heir to this castle ! perhaps the pride of my father ! the darling of the tenants ! favourite of the neighbours, and friend to the poor ! now, a wretched outcast, shunned like a savage, foe to mankind, and man at enmity with me ! no establishment ! profession ! friend, or character. Oh ! my father, where are you ? (*looks round with grief*) do not shun, I'll kneel, till you spurn me from you—that face ! it is my mother. I hear of his Lordship's gallery of beauties—quite an exhibition for every starrer : but my dear mother shall no more be dishonoured, by making one in this unhappy collection—no, by heavens ! her misfortunes shall no longer be the topic, for the sneering comments of vulgarity and ill nature. (*lifts the picture down*) Timolin ! why don't you come up ? Timolin !

*Enter* LORD TORRENDEL, and L'ŒILLET.

*Lord Tor.* What uproar is this in my house ?

*L'Œil.* Sacristie ! by dis meeting milor will find out, I did keep all de money, he did give me for his son's support.

*Lord Tor.* Have you any business with me, Sir ? who are you ?

*Lord Arth.* (*falls on his knee, and points to picture*) Sir, this was my mother. (*Lord Torrendel looks at b.th, puts his handkerchief to his eyes*)

*L'Œil.* Diantre ! he is softened, and I am ruined—milor, here be Miss Augusta in de hall still. (*apart*)

*Lord Tor.*



*Lord Tor.* Begone ! (*pushes him off angrily, walks slowly and then turns*) My son, the child of Emily !  
[*exit in great emotion.*]

*Lord Arth.* This our first interview since my infancy ! my father not speak to me ! no gentle word, no complacent smile. Now I am poor ! where to turn ? every face meets me with a frown, a sea of horrors rush on me ! the storm's up, and let it blow me as it will !

*Enter TIMOLIN.*

*Tim.* Well, and you saw your papa ? (*joyful*)

*L. Arth.* My heart was good, but now I'm all vexation, grief, and terror. A look now and then at this, might calm my mind. Timolin, take that picture to my lodgings.

*Tim.* What ?

*L. Arth.* Take that picture to my lodgings. (*bursts into tears*).  
[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—A Street.

*Enter SIR HANS BURGESS:*

*Sir H.* Cram a fine dashing fellow into their prisons for hats and shoe-buckles ! Sha'n't. What a bright model this Arthur for my son George ! yet if he had but life and soul to shew it, George is a compleat and finish'd pattern for most of our young men now-a days. I don't know any one thing that my boy is not perfect master of, music, dancing, fencing, languages, a magazine of accomplishments : set him to country sports, he excels every body ; he's as keen as an attorney, has the courage of a mastiff, generous as the Man of Róis !  
but



but hang it, all his shining qualities clouded by want of spirit to dash ! Oh, if I could but see him a bold, free dasher !

*Enter ROBIN.*

*Rob.* Sir, who should pass me just now but the young squire.

*Sir H.* What, my son George whisk'd by you in a phaeton ? a chaise and four ? a tandem ?

*Enter GEORGE BURGESS.*

George, why, what the devil's this sort of figure ?

*Geo.* Sir, how are you ? (*calmly*)

*Sir H.* Plague on it ! spare no expence for you to appear like a prince ; give you money to flash in a shining tour, to be here and there, before any body can tell where you are, and when I expected you to come, tearing up the pavement, in a phaeton as high as the clouds, over chickens, old women, and pigs, all the people jumping out of the way, with huzza for the young Squire, here you sneak into town, limping like a lame beggar-man, covered with dust as if you had been dancing in a cannister of Scotch snuff. 'Sblood, Sir ! what do you mean by this behaviour ?

*Geo.* Sir, on my leaving home you gave me a two hundred pound note, and six guineas ; there's your note—I've still one pound five and seven-pence in bank. (*touching his pocket*)

*Sir H.* Devil's in you and your seven-pence ! I with you were both in the stocks you pitiful cur. Damn me if I haven't a mind to disinherit you, and adopt Robin. Robin you can drive six ?

*Rob.* You knows, Sir, I drives eight in our waggon.

*Sir H.* Psha ! go to the Rose inn, and bespeak the best dinner they can provide for I and George, and the gallant Arthur, if we can find him.

[*Exit. Robin.*]

*Geo.* Why, Sir, I am a little hungry. (*takes out something and eats*)

*Sir H.*

*Sir H.* By the Lord! a son of mine knowing a crust in the open street!

*Geo.* Sir, as I paid for it at the last alehouse where I supp'd—

*Sir H.* Supp'd at an alehouse!

*Geo.* Yes, Sir, a neat little place, sign of the Goat in Boots.

*Sir H.* Oh, Lord! and perhaps some of my friends, in their coaches, saw you?

*Geo.* Yes, Sir, Lady Beechgrove and the two Miss Loftys, drove by in a coach and four; they didn't see me at first, but I saluted them.

*Sir H.* Oh, the devil's in your politeness! salute ladies from the Goat in Boots! Where did your noble honour dine? (*ironical*)

*Geo.* Upon the mile-stone this side Salisbury. (*Sir H. snarls*) Sir, I had no occasion to shut myself from the open air, as I had a couple of hard eggs in my pocket.

*Sir H.* Zounds! and I suppose you brought salt in your pocket?

*Geo.* Yes, Sir, and a penny roll.

*Sir H.* His penny roll has choak'd me! and where did your honour take your bottle? (*bows ironical*)

*Geo.* True, Sir, I slipp'd off the bank into the river, as I was getting a little water in the brim of my hat.

*Sir H.* The devil take them that took you out again!

*Geo.* Father, the walking got me an appetite; after my repast, I was neither dry nor hungry; I drank no wine; but then I was free from an headache, and, without mixing in company, my heart was chearful.

*Sir H.* (*aside*) This gay Arthur will make him another thing. Gadso! but Dickins will have the constables after him. George, you'll give me what information you've picked up in your tour; how they manage their machines and lodging-houses; what they do, and what they don't do, that I may know what I ought to do.

*Geo.* Ca'n't make up that other six-pence—oh ! the halfpenny to the boy for opening the gate !

*Sir H.* Dem the boy ; come polith yourself up a little, my ward Miss Augusta Woodbine's come from London, and I've a certain reason for her thinking well of you. If she should see you so—*(takes an handkerchief, and whisks the dust off)*—such an appearance by the Lord he seems as easy and satisfied, as if drest for a ball. Can nothing make you ashamed ?

*Geo.* Thanky, Sir, I'll take care to do nothing that shall make me ashamed. You shall never see a blush in my face.

*Sir H.* Plague of your blushing face, I mean your dingy appearance. Here's the Lady—I'll try what effect an accidental meeting may have. Now to know what they have done with the gay Arthur !

*[Exit.]*

*Geo.* I fear I've lost my clothes brush.

*Enter FANNY.*

*Fan.* Bless me ! where can she be ? if she has run home, and told papa, I shall have it in stile.

*Geo.* Fanny ! how do you do, my love ?

*Fan.* My dear George ! when did you come ? Lord ! I'm so glad !

*Geo.* You look as charming as ever.

*Fan.* Thankye ; but, upon my word, you don't look so charming.

*Geo.* I should make myself a little decent.

*Fan.* Then run home, and change your dress.

*Geo.* Oh, no occasion, I've my clothes brush in my pocket. *(retires, brushing his coat)*

*Enter AUGUSTA.*

*Fan.* Oh ! governess, I've been running about after you.

*Aug.* What could induce you to bring me into Lord Torrèndel's house ? sure you know that he is a very dangerous character.

*Fan.*

*Fan.* Lord, it's no such thing, who could have told you such a fib? his Lordship has no more pride! he's not ashamed at making one in a game of romps, even with his own servant maids.

*Aug.* Ah, Fanny, when our superiors of the other sex condescend to affability, instead of exalting, it is for the purpose of degrading us to a state of the most pitiable humiliation.

*Fan.* Now don't snub me I'll introduce you to—

GEORGE—*advances.*

*Aug.* Oh, no more of your introductions, pray.

*Fan.* I will, tho'; Miss Augusta, this is—

*Aug.* A Mr. Steward, I suppose.

*Fan.* Ha, ha, ha! George you don't know what we're laughing at.—(*apart*) Miss, don't go tell him that I play at shuttlecock with my Lord in the great gallery.

*Aug.* A piece of his Lordship's condescension I didn't know before. My guardian's son, I presume.

*Geo.* The description of Miss Augusta Woodbine falls short of what I have the happiness to behold. (*bows*)

*Fan.* There, I told you he was a smart fellow sometimes. Come, George, you shall be our champion about the town, but you are an odd-looking beau.

*Geo.* Well, I'll attend you on your rambles—(*aside*) though I've already walked twelve miles to-day.

*Fan.* Madam will you honour my arm.

[*Fanny takes his arm.*]

*Enter* LORD ARTHUR.

*Lord Arth.* Ha! here's odds. Madam, my arm is at your service. (*to Augusta*)

*Aug.* Do you know this Gentleman? (*to Fanny.*)

*Enter a Man with fruit.*

*Fan.* Lord, true, this is Assembly night.

*Max.*



*Man.* Gentlemen, treat the Ladies.

*Geo.* Hem! the Ladies don't want—shall we walk?

*Lord Arth.* Quite a hound! ha! nectarines so early! Madam. (*offering fruit*)

*Man.* Six are a guinea.

*Lord Arth.* There! (*gives money*)

*Aug.* Oh! Sir, by no means.

*Geo.* Miss, an apple—Fanny! (*offering*)

*Lord Arth.* Sir, these are Angels not Eves, to be tempted by your paltry pippins. (*knocks them about*)

*Geo.* Sir, what d'ye mean? (*angry*)

*Enter a Woman and Child!*

*Woman.* Good Gentlemen and Ladies, I've a sick husband lying in prison.

*Geo.* For debt? what is it? (*apart*)

*Woman.* Above eighteen shillings.

*Geo.* (*loud*) Pray go—don't tease people; their distress is only the consequence of idleness. I'd never encourage beggars—there, go—(*gives money apart*) plagueing one.

*Woman.* Sir, it's a guinea?

*Geo.* Well, don't trouble one now. (*loud*) Get your husband out of prison, and comfort your child. (*apart; sings carelessly, and puts them off.*)

*Aug.* What's this?

*Fan.* Bless you, governess, George is always doing these kind of things. He'd grudge himself a penny cheesecake, yet maintains and clothes half the poor round; he's king of a small island near his father's seat.

*Lord Arth.* What a pitiful scoundrel am I. My guinea nectarines, and little penny-worth of pippins, with the benevolent heart of a god! Sir, if I dare beg the honour of your acquaintance—I haven't a card, but I'm over at—

*Geo.* Sir, I'll put down your address; (*takes out his pencil*) points broke (*takes out pen-knife*) cutting it away—wastes—(*puts up both*) Oh, Sir, I'll remember.

*Fan.*



*Fan.* George, what signifies your bowing there? come and pay some attention to me.

*Lord Arth.* (*looking at Augusta.*) How charming! what a block am I, talking half an hour to a Lady, and never look'd at her!

*Aug.* Fanny, we must be walking towards your papa's.

*Fan.* But you hav'n't seen our ball-room here.

*Lord Arth.* Ball-room. Ladies, do you know I'm a most capital dancing master? harkye, my worthy friend, a word.

*Geo.* Oh! Sir, as many as you please. [*Exeunt.*]

*Fan.* Lord! that rattle there has dragged George up into the Assembly-room; I hope it's not to fight—ecod! if he goes to fight, George will kill him. (*a fiddle heard above*) That's he! I know his sweet little finger.

*Aug.* What an astonishing resemblance! Fanny, did you ever see any likeness of this strange gentleman?

*Fan.* Ah! the image of Miss Woodbine's picture! it's Lord Torrendel's great boy.

*Aug.* The neglected son of my unhappy cousin!

*Enter TIMOLIN.*

*Tim.* To drive him in sorrow from his doors! my poor master now is sunk in grief and woe.

*Lord Arth.* (*without*) Bravo! (*enters singing*) Ladies. 'pon my word, my friend is an excellent stick; his respects to you, Miss, and my most humble adoration to you, Madam, we'll have a little dance above.

*Aug.* Oh, Sir! no, no! come Fanny.

*Fan.* Lud! it would be fine fun, governess don't you see how cloudy it gets; I'm sure there will be a shower, and if I walk thro' the rain, you, as my governess, ought to be very angry with me.

*Lord Arth.* Fye, Ma'am, wou'd you spoil your dress? we shall have a dashing shower, a great drop fell on the tip of my nose.

[*Fanny holds out her hand.*]

*Aug.*

*Aug.* No, indeed! come Fanny.

*Lord Arth.* You, Sir, where's my mother?

*Tim.* With your father. I left the picture in the porter's lodge; for the Frenchman has turn'd away the porter for letting you in.

*Lord Arth.* Go back, and bring it to my lodgings, or I'll massacre you. (*a fiddle heard without*) *Tol de rol lol!* we'll be with you, boy.

*Fin.* But, Sir, as George plays, where's my partner?

*Lord Arth.* I'll whistle, sing, and dance, all in a breath. (*puts an arm round each, and runs in*)

*Tim.* (*whistles*) A pity that Christians hav'n't a laughing and crying side to their faces; for, in a comfortable fit of sorrow, up starts something to give us an he, he, he! and when the mouth's opened for a nice grin, up goes the finger in the eye with an ho, ho, ho!—but my face must take the humour and fortunes of my master; in the road of life the small must follow the great, and that's the reason the big coach wheel runs after the little one. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.—*The Inn.*

*Enter Landlady, introducing LADY TORRENDEL, and MISS CLARE.*

*Land.* Won't you please to rest, Ma'am?

*Lady T.* I thank you, but so long that up in a carriage, one should rest walking. Miss Clare, will you be so kind as to ask the footman if I've left my memorandum-book in the coach? (*exit Miss Clare*) Some handsome equipages about here! have you many gentry in the town?

*Land.* Oh, yes, Ma'am, we've a Lord, and Knight, and power of Squires.

*Re-enter MISS CLARE.*

*Miss C.* Here, Ma'am, is the book.

*Lady T.* Oh! I thank you.

*Land.* I'll hasten the horses.

[*Exit.*  
*Lucy*]

*Lady T.* My Lord had a seat in this part of the country, and I think a banking agent of his lives in this town. (*looks in the book*) Mr. Dickins, yes, very true.

*Miss C.* This seems a charming place, my Lady!

*Lady T.* It is! I with my Lord hadn't parted with it! the castle and its delightful environs were the tranquil scenes of my most happy hours! after marriage our first years were pass'd here, and tho' there was title on his side, and great wealth on mine, yet ours was not a match of fashion! neither ambition on my part, or (I think) avarice on his; very young to be sure, but then I was a little philosopher, tho' bred in the full brilliant certainty of every dazzling joy that riches could bestow, yet my sight was proof against the glare of splendour. My Lord was gay, accomplish'd, and the generosity of a youthful mind repell'd all idea of advantage in our union.

*Miss C.* Ah, Madam! any Gentleman must think himself possess'd of every advantage in a union with your Ladyship.

*Lady T.* I wish I had myself gone to Lisbon with my Lord; this journey seems so tedious, and then the uncertainty of the seas; thro' his indisposition he may want that tender cordiality, his claim from me; I'm all anxiety to proceed.

*Enter Coachman.*

*Coachman.* Madam, the horses are to, but does your Ladyship know my Lord's here?

*Lady T.* Here! how! what do you mean?

*Coachman.* In this very town my Lady, I met your old Martha.

*Lady T.* Impossible! return'd to England! something very mysterious—

*Dickins.* (*without*) Well, what is it?

*L'Ouillet.* (*without*) I cannot talk my Lor's business in public entré.

*Lady T.* Eh, why sure that is my Lord's valet.

*Miss C.* It certainly is, Madam.

E

*Lady*

*Lady T.* Hush, step this way, Heavens! oh, my heart will—Martha you say—tell me

[*Agitated—exult.*]

*Enter DICKINS, and L'O'NEILLET.*

*Dick.* Really, since my Lord's lofty conduct to me, I shall give up his affairs. I've my agencies, and my bank to mind.

*L'Neil.* Bank! vat! de little till in your boutique? you had better send challenge to my Lor—swell and puff! ma foi! c'est comique ça! let mi Lor take his money out of your bank, den vat is your bladder of consequence.

*Dick.* 'Sblood I dont want any body to take their money out of my bank.

*L'Neil.* Here be a fresh paquet of letters.

*Dick.* Which I am to forward, as usual, to Lady Torrendel in Cumberland.

*L'Neil.* I have date 'em, so as to make my Lady believe my Lor still at Lisbon.

*Dick.* To keep the unsuspecting wife cool amongst the lakes there, while the gallant husband enjoys his rose-buds in his pleasure grounds here.

*L'Neil.* Mi Lor, to spare himself, still finesse de sprain hand, and trouble me vid de vife—so dere I ave writ dat whole bundle for her at vonce. I ave upon my mind des affaires d'importance to get de pretty girl for my Lor.

*Dick.* And I, as a magistrate, have to send this young dog to prison, who has been taking up the tradesmen's goods.

*L'Neil.* Magistrate! si donc! petit bourgeois—you uff about pah! [*Exit.*]

*Dick.* Who cares for your paw, or your four claws, you damned outlandish cockatoo! I must send these one by one, which first?

*Re-enter LADY TORRENDEL.*

*Lady T.* My Lord in England all this time!

*Dick.* Dated this day—"to Lady Torrendel."

*Lady T.* How's this!

1

*Dick.*



*Dick.* Then to give time for her to suppose it came from her Lord at Lisbon, where he has not been at all, her Ladyship shall have this in about a month.

*Lady T.* A little sooner, if you please, Sir.

*Dick.* Lady Torrendel herself! (*drops the letters, and exit confused.* Enter *Miss Clare*; picks them up, and presents)

*Lady T.* (*opening one*) Separate himself from me by such a complicated series of invention, and by fallacious accounts of his ill-health, keep me in perpetual uneasiness! cruel man! make me believe he had sold his estate here, yet retain it only for the base purpose of converting a spot (that brings to my mind the sweet recollection of delight, and innocence) into a contaminated retreat for licentious, guilty, sordid pleasures! you charg'd the coachman not to mention who I am? but I fear that now is too late.

*Miss C.* No, Ma'am, for his own discretion suggested the necessity of that, before I mentioned it to him.

*Lady T.* Do you think too, if the people of this house know it. I can engage them to keep my arrival a secret.

*Miss C.* The woman promises that, for tho' my Lord spends so much money, he's no favourite in the town, from the knowledge of his ill usage of your Ladyship.

*Lady T.* I wou'dn't have him despised; but how to gain full and certain proofs? to put beyond all doubt his motive for secreting himself here?

*Miss C.* So far I have taken the liberty of anticipating your Ladyship's wish. I have ask'd Martha—

*Lady T.* My good friend! a thousand thanks! I'm charm'd with your zeal. Yes, it is my wish; what! Martha will convey me privately into the Castle? delightful! I think none of his servants know me here, but his French Secretary. Write to me by a servant! not open my Letters? unkind! ungrateful! but then, to steal upon him, its a severe trial—I'm faint! but I must summon fortitude! they'll see I've been weeping; come—

[*Exeunt.*  
SCENE



SCENE III.—*Dickins's parlour: large books lying on the table.*

*Enter JOHN, and TRADESMEN.*

*John.* Step in, only stop a moment, my master will be in directly, and take all your informations. You know I can do nothing in it. *[Exit.]*

*First Man.* The young Gentleman is thoughtless and wild, but I believe there's not much harm in him.

*Second Man.* I don't think I can find in my heart to prosecute, if the affair is likely to affect his life.

*Third man.* He's but a bad one I fear, yet I'd not hang a man for all the boots I'm worth.

*Enter DICKINS.*

*Dick.* So, the Lady has got into the Castle. Ecod! she'll trim his gay Lordship—yes, she has stole a march upon him—he sha'n't hear of it from one. Oh what curtain lectures, perhaps a divorce, then maybe he'll marry my Fanny. No, he's a damn'd impudent fellow; a pretty business, this young buck——

*Third Man.* If he can raise the money to pay me I don't wish to hurt him.

*Dick.* Pay you, oh! the Devil, I shall lose my fees! *(aside)* You selfish dog, would you compound a felony: Some revenge upon the father, to have the great family-name of D'Aumerle down in a Mitimus.

*Enter Constable.*

*Dick.* Fellow, where's your pris'ner?

*Constable.* Please your worship, he be dauncing—he desired me to gi' you this bit of paper.

*Dick.* What the devil! I send you for a thief, and you bring me a bit of paper—"he be dauncing." *(reads)* "Lord Arthur D'Aumerle's compliments to Justice Dickins, is now engaged with some Ladies, but after another dance will wait upon"—dance!

*Con.* Yez, there bes young Squire Burgefs got fiddling, and Miss Fanny, ecod they be gigging it up rarely.

*Dick.*

*Dick.* My daughter ; is this the first lesson from her new Governess ? but you stupid scoundrel ; I suppose you took a bribe.

*C. n.* Noa, Sir, I only took half-a-crown.

*Dick.* How dare you, only a Constable, meddle with the Justice's business. A notorious offender ; charged with crimes of life and death ! he come ! no ! he'll abscond—we sha'n't see him in a hurry.

*Lord Arth.* I want the Justice ! (*without*)

*Dick.* Why, that's he, but damn me if you find Justice here (*aside*) I must examine the culprit in form ; you, firrah ! John, what the devil are you about in the shop, when I want you in my office ? weighing raisins and pepper ; down with the scales and balance, and bring my great books, and my ink-stand, and my wig, aye ! and I'll take my chocolate here. [*Muffins, &c. brought in ; Dickins places books, puts on wig, and sits.*]

*Enter Lord ARTHUR.*

*Lord Arth.* I've finished our Coranto in a quick step, and, with a kiss hand to the Ladies, have flown to receive your commands.

*Dick.* (*aside*) Now, is this folly, impudence, courage, or generosity ?

*Lord Arth.* Upon the information of the butter'd muffins, Justice Dickins, I presume— (*sits on the table, and begins eating*)

*Dick.* What the devil ! Sir, upon the information of the Constable, a great rogue I presume—but pon honour I didn't expect you.

*Lord Arth.* Oh ! then, Sir, your most obedient ! (*going*)

*Dick.* Stop ! stop ! is this the man that took your goods ?

*Tradesman.* Yes !

*Dick.* Enough ! write his mittimus—you all prosecute ; what's your name Mr.——

*Lord Arth.* Lord Arthur D'Aumerle.

*Dick.*

*Dick.* Alias Duke of Dunstable, alias Captain, alias Major.

*Lord Arth.* Was my father still in the army, I'd have enlisted a common foldier in his own regiment—then the world might have said, there's Lord Torrendel's son carrying a knapsack—but now let it say, a parent suffers his child to lie in prison for the necessaries of life. Cou'dn't you carry me to gaol by the castle?

*Dick.* Constable, you have my authority, take him.

*Enter Sir HANS.*

*Sir H.* No man in England shall take him. So then, you've met with George—made him dance—bravo! but, my prince of bold actions, what are they going to do with you?

*Dick.* Conduct him to prison!

*Sir H.* I'll bail him.

*Lord Arth.* Pray be quiet, Sir.

*Sir H.* I wo'n't be quiet, Sir.

*Dick.* But, here's an assault and battery—must be bound over to keep the peace for a year and a quarter—no, a year and a day.

*Sir H.* I'll answer for him! aye, two thousand pounds! there's my name; fill up the instrument.

*(signs)*

*[Exeunt tradesmen.]*

*Dick.* Oh! very well. he'll save his neck, and you'll lose your money—let him out now, and catch him again if you can.

*Lord Arth.* Does your little rascally soul conceive I'd let a friend suffer for an act of benevolence, and to myself? No! human laws may punish other crimes; but, let the hottest bolt of heaven strike ingratitude.

*Tim. (without)* Sweet Mr. Constable, 'pon my salvation I didn't—

*Enter*

*Enter* CONSTABLE, *with* TIMOLIN.

*Con.* Measter, here bes an accomplish.

*Tim.* I'm not accomplish d, I'm quite a bog trotter.

*Con.* The Picture that was robb'd out of——

*Dick.* What, you found it upon him?

*Con.* Upon his very head.

*Dick.* You notorious criminal!

*Tim.* My master to be jumping about with Ladies, and leave me——oh! my dear Sir! (*runs to Lord Arthur Tradesman whispers. Timolin pointing to Sir Hans*) did he! then please your honour, will you be bound bail for me too?

*Sir H.* For you! pardon me.

*Tim.* No, Sir, ask them to pardon me.

*Lord Arth.* I'll bail my servant.

*Dick.* You! a rare shadow! ah! friend, I know you. Thanks to the noble Lord Torrendel's gallantries, we've twenty such Lords cutting cabbages, and drudging for oysters, down at Sandgate Island—but because your mother had a pretty face, a great fortune, and no virtue——

*Lord Arth.* Throw a reflection on the memory of my honour'd parent! defame the sacred memory of the dead—the only universal epitaph——oblivion to the frailties of humanity!—I'll murder him, by heavens!

*Tim.* No occasion to swear, you've said it, and you'll do it.

*Sir H.* Hold! the devil's in you; break the peace, and I lose my two thousand pound.

*Lord Arth.* True, my dear friend.—oh! I burn with fury—but your Worthip's wig ca'n't swear a battery. (*twirls it*) There's Burn's Justice, Blackstone, and Coke upon Littleton. (*knocks tables about*) Come along, Timolin.

*Tim.* Master stay for me—take me——

*Sir H.* Oh! what a bright model for my son George!

*Exeunt all, Constable with Timolin.*

ACT



## A C T IV.

SCENE I.—*An antique Room in the Castle.*

*Enter Constable, and L'ORILLET, pushing in TIMOLIN.*

*L'Oeil.* There, you stay fast, coquin ! such audace—of robbery, take furniture and pictures out of my Lor's house !

*Tim.* I'm more guilty than my master, as the receiver is worse than the thief.

*Con.* Who is your master, the receiver speak !  
(*proud*)

*Tim.* Friend, you may take me for a robber, if you will ; but you sha'nt prove me an informer, because I've a regard for my character.

*L'Oeil.* Stay here till we find Mr. Dickin, de justice, to send you to jail ; be merry with that table and chair ; sorry to disgrace—make a brown bear of my chamber—there sit and sing—" de charge is prepared, de lawyers are met."

(*Exit singing.*)

*Tim.* I wish they had crammed me into a jail at once, and not took me up in this dismal top of a castle. O did my poor mother ever think that, before I died, I should get myself hanged for a thief ? Lord Arthur ! Lord Arthur ! unlucky was the day that Mr. Felix Timolin hired to be your servant man. (*looking at the table*) Here's letters and papers, scribble scrabble, eh ! why, this is my Lord's own hand, I remember it by one of his Franks—" To Monsieur L'Oeillet," what does he write to his servants ; but what's all this to me ; no way to get out of window, may be in this closet. [*Exit.*]

*Enter, at a secret door, LADY TORRENDEL, and MARTHA.*

*Martha.* (*surprised*) Why, I vow my Lady, this is the valet's room, and none of us ever knew this door to it.

*Lady Tor.*



*Lady Tor.* I think, Martha, I remember the castle better than you, who have lived in it so long. Out of that door there's a stair-case to my Lord's dressing-room, where I'll wait till he comes in. I'd wish to know a little more before I see him. Rather mean this lurking about and tampering with servants—but no hope of reclaiming him, except he's certain I know what then will be out of his power to deny. (*aside*) My Lord rode out you say; seemed discomposed? well, not a word that I'm here, (*Martha returns*) this house seems all wild, no regularity, peace, or the comforts of a home, but the gratification of passions which reason and nature now should subdue, reconciles him to inquietude, meanness, and dishonour. So, this room now belongs to his vile agent! it was formerly put to a better purpose—this is the very room I converted to a school for the poor infant rustics. Here the young mind was trained to virtue and industry—here now, are perhaps, plans laid to corrupt and destroy the sweet rose of innocence! Eh, who's here!

*Re-enter TIMOLIN.*

*Tim.* No, looks into a deep court. Oh, I'm very high up; they've double locked the door. (*trying it*) Oh dear! oh dear! (*sits*)

*Lady Tor.* Dos'nt seem to be one of the family! (*aside*).

*Tim.* This letter, from my Lord to Monsieur, I've a strong curiosity to see.

*Lady Tor.* How! as I'm here on a voyage of discovery, the sight of that might prepare me better for this dreaded interview with my Lord. (*aside.*)

*Tim.* It's ungenerous to look into another man's letter, only I'd like to see the tastiest mode of writing. I'm told its not the fashion now to cross the t's, and put little tittles on the i's; no harm to see that sure—(*reads*) "The sight of this boy has "troubled me exceedingly!"—Boy! oh, that's my master;

master; (*reading*) "Probably, I sha'n't be home before evening, but if you can contrive to get Augusta into your power, the better. She may be brought down to Sandgate island"—Oh, here's villainy!

*Lady T. (aside)* Some poor intended victim! My coming at such a time is highly fortunate.

*Tim. (reads)*. "Pray have an eye upon that Arthur's ill-looking Irishman"—Oh, that crowns his rogueries—"No harm to keep Augusta under lock and key." I'll keep this proof of their wickedness, and if they talk of hanging me for a bit of an old picture, I'll bring it out in the nose of their shabby red faces—ill looking Irishman—eh, one would think they took me for Miss Augusta. (*sees Lady T.*) Then they have locked you up? you most unhappy beautiful soul.

*Lady T.* Why he takes me for the present object of pursuit! by giving into this mistake, I may discover some more of my husband's achievements.

(*aside*) Are you his Lordship's emissary?

*Tim.* I, Miss! I despise such doings.

*Lady T.* I believe it; your face speaks honesty.

*Tim.* Then it speaks truth, and the devil himself shan't make it tell a lie.

*Lady T.* But, who are you?

*Tim.* My master is his Lordship's son that's at this instant shifting about, and can't get a beef-steak without venturing his neck for it.

*Lady T.* True—Martha told me of this unhappy destitute youth—Oh, husband! false to me, and unnaturally cruel to the offspring of your follies.

*Tim.* Miss, I'll assure you, Lord Arthur is as brave a little boy—

*Lady T.* And bears his forlorn state with meekness and resignation?

*Tim.* Oh yes! Miss, he's as meek and gentle—ah, hem!

*Lady T. (aside)*. Poor youth, he has a father, and yet an orphan! Then he shall find a friend in me—though not mine, he belongs to the man I still love!  
but

but to continue this deception—cou'd you contrive any means for me to fly this mansion of shame and ruin? (*a noise without*)

*Tim.* Offer to come in to touch her, and, by the mighty powers of heaven, I'll slay you. (*snatches up a chair*)

*Lady T.* Oh! (*runs in. The door's burst open, and enter Lord Arthur.*)

*Lord Arth.* Suffer me to perish, and imprison my faithful squire for his attachment! Put your arms a-kimbo, firrah, stomp down those great stairs with your hat on, and let me see who dare squint at you—Oh! that lovely divine Augusta!

*Tim.* What! then you've seen her, Sir. (*winks and points, sily off*)

*Lord Arth.* What do you stand winking and making faces there, firrah? come out.

*Tim.* But there's somebody else lock'd up.

*Lord Arth.* Kick up your legs boldly, no matter whose shins are in the way.

*Tim.* But, Sir—

*Lord Arth.* B'y'r leave there for Mr. Felix Timolina. (*pushes him off, and exit.*)

## SCENE II.—A Street.

*Enter SIR HANS, and GEORGE.*

*Sir Hans.* Aye! and well George? (*joyful*)

*Geo.* We had a dance, Sir.

*Sir H.* As if he had said we had a funeral. 'Sblood! man, say—we had a dance. (*capers*) Arthur was master of the ceremonies—you shuffled it away? eh, boy?

*Geo.* Yes, Sir, I was'nt afraid to shuffle, for I had my thick walking shoes on.

*Sir H.* Shoes! asses' hoofs! I believe they're half an inch thick.

*Geo.* Yes, Sir, they're an inch. (*aside*) I must see if the poor woman has released her husband.

*Sir H.* George, so 'twas you rasp'd up the fiddle for them?

*Geo.*



*Geo.* Yes, Sir, so we had no fiddler to pay.

*Sir H.* Psha! I'd hire Handel's anniversary band to see you dance the Cameronian Rant with Augusta. This scheme of leaving her at large wo'nt do—she'll be snapt up. Gad, yonder she is—I must clench this business. Why do you put on that dismal look, sirrah?

*Geo.* I was thinking, father, of the cruelty in keeping people in prison for small debts above a twelvemonth however; liberty's so sweet, they'd purchase it if in their power, if not, hard to punish a man for only being unfortunate.

*Sir H.* Here comes Miss Augusta. Devil's in your thick soal'd shoes!

*Enter AUGUSTA, and FANNY.*

*Aug.* That man certainly whispered something disagreeable that caused the abrupt departure of Lord Arthur.

*Fan.* Dear no, he's a very civil soul, why 'twas papa's constable. Oh my good gracious, if here is'nt George.

*Sir H.* Your waistcoat's buttoned all crooked—no powder in your hair—by the lord! you look like the dustman. (*apart*) Well Miss, how do you like your new situation?—stop, I want to speak to you.

*Fan.* Stop, he wants to speak to us—how do you do, George?

*Sir H.* Ha! very free with George! (*aside*) Miss Woodbine, I've your good at heart. Your uncle's whim, in taking his fortune from you, makes you an object of compassion.

*Aug.* Many would rather be an object of envy—but, to my thinking, an humble state is preferable to affluence, built upon the ruins of unmerited adversity.

*Sir H.* (*aside*) Made for each other! (*apart*) George, to her in her own way—out with your handkerchief, and cry for the poor debtors. My son, is so happy to see—to be with you—

*Fan.:*



*Fan.* Happy to see her? but I'm sure it's no such thing, old codger.

*Sir H.* He expressed great joy at your coming so opportunely.

*Geo.* Opportunely indeed! (*Looking at his stockings*) Miss, could you lend me a needle and thread?

*Sir H.* Go along you rascal, fortune! I'll bind you apprentice to a taylor.

*Aug.* You're happy, Sir, in having a son of so much frugality for his years.

*Sir H.* Frugal, ma'am! he's the most extravagant—

*Fan.* I see now he only wants them to like each other; I must prevent this.

*Sir H.* Why, look now, with his coat over his knuckles; he has on lace ruffles at three guineas a pair. Pull down your ruffles. (*pulls George's wrist-bands down*) By the lord! he has got into a hop-sack. What have you done with all the fine linen and lace I sent you?

*Geo.* The lace was too fine for use—but the Holland made soft child-bed linen for the curate's wife.

*Sir H.* Yes, madam, the bishop's lady was the good woman in the straw. He is very frolicksome—it's a shame for you to be such a buck. (*apart*)

*Fan.* Lord, Miss, George is no buck! he's a mere milk sop, an't you George?

*Sir H.* Get away you little devil, who wants your prate. (*apart*) Miss, we'll conceal your loss from my son—he's so proud—see how he throws his head about. (*apart*) George, with Augusta's cash, you can do such pretty charities! Son, this lady is worth one hundred thousand pound.

*Fan.* Lord, how can you tell such fibs—George, she's only my governess, and as poor—borrowed five shillings from me just now to release her box from the waggon—say you did. (*apart*)

*Sir H.* Get along you little busy thing (*apart*). You know, ma'am, your an immense fortune.

*Aug.* Sir, I am neither ambitious of compassion or ridicule.



*Sir H.* George, never mind—she's very rich.

*Aug.* Oh no, Sir!

*Sir H.* Zounds! Madam, you're a Jew.

*Fan.* My governess is not a Jew, she has more religion than the bishop.

*Sir H.* The devil's in me, if I don't make your father pull your ears! (*apart*) Miss, my son has a most liberal mind, a soul of magnificent extravagance.

*Geo.* Madam, my father is only jesting.

*Fan.* True, George, now that's very good, Sir Hans is always making his fun of every body.

*Sir H.* By the Lord, overbrowsing my whole scheme. (*aside*) Hop home you little magpie.

*Geo.* Madam, be assured, I esteem economy the first virtue.

*Sir H.* Then the devil's in you both! but it's you, prating monkey, has done it all; you, your rascal, with your economy and asses' hoots, truss down to Samphire Hall; and you, Miss, stalk with your poverty to Mr. Dickins, the banker's.

*Geo.* Madam, your humble servant! (*bows and exit.*)

*Sir H.* Devil's in your humble servant, you civil scoundrel! some mad gander will tuck her and her fortune under his wing, and hop off to Gretna Green.

*Fan.* George sent down to the rocks, oh! oh! then I know where somebody will go. (*aside*) Sir Hans, your most obedient, good morning to you, Sir! (*curtsey and exit grudgingly*)

*Sir H.* Oh very polite Ma'am, but I wish you had dropt your curtsey half an hour ago.

*Aug.* (*looking out*) The forlorn thoughtless Arthur! Sir, tell me—is Miss Woodbine's son my uncle's heir? then why not instantly extricate him, from the embarrassing perplexities that must end in his destruction.

*Sir H.* What son? (*looking out*) The gay Arthur! true, I and Tomender's (*aside*) oh ho! I suspect there's love

love here—this was her dancing partner. My dear, as to affection and all that, this Arthur —

*Aug.* Sir, I am only interested for him, on account of my cousin Woodbine.

*Sir H.* Right! for his heart is engaged to a girl, he told me all over a glass of hock. (*Augusta agitated*) (*aside*) Yes! she likes him—then, in one word, Miss Augusta, my dear, I'll not part with you, till I see you and my son fairly coupled. (*takes her under his arm, going*)

*Lord Arth.* (*without*) Sir Hans! (*enters*)

*Sir H.* Yes, Sir! past three. (*exit with Augusta*)

*Lord Arth.* Past three! Don't much like his avoiding me, and taking the lady. His bail bond may keep me from limbo—but mustn't rob me of paradise either.

*Enter TIMOLIN.*

Run, firrah, after Miss Augusta, and —

*Tim.* Back again to your father's?

*Lord Arth.* You will persist, we left Miss Augusta there; (*takes a bit of paper, and writes with pencil*) if I can but obtain the love of this charming girl, she's so beautiful, elegant—but then, very modest; I'll have her—oh! Timolin, I will have her, run with this letter.

*Tim.* With what?

*Lord Arth.* Stop to ask questions with your hows and whats—run, take this letter to the young lady.

*Tim.* Oh! I'll give no letters to ladies. Do you want, Sir, to carry on your father's profligate rigmarold's? but you don't make a French Mounseer of me—for the spirit of Mr. Felix Timolin is a peg above that, I assure you.

*Lord Arth.* What! walk back, if you please, into Castle Quad.

*Tim.* Then 'pon my word, I won't

*Lord Arth.* How, you scoundrel! do you object to go into prison when I —? begone! I discharge you.

*Tim.* Oh! Sir, I discharge myself, and there's a receipt for my wages. (*Snaps his fingers*) I'd hazard my life, to procure you what you might again repay—but, helping you to take the innocence you could never return, is beneath the soul of Mr. Felix Timolin. [*Exit.*]

*Lord Arth.* Dem it! now I've lost him. I had no conception of this mighty Irish honour of his brave soul. He has had moral, from his rustic parent in his mud cabin; but, I never knew a father's kind precept or good example.

*Enter COACHMAN, surveys LORD ARTHUR at a distance.*

What does this fellow eye me for?

*Coachm.* My Lady sent me to know his person—yes! that's he, very well. [*Exit.*]

*Lord Arth.* You're no Coachman, my friend, you're a bailiff—they take all disguises. [*Exit.*]

### SCENE III.—*A walk near Lord Torrendel's.*

*Enter L'OEUILLÉ.*

*L'Oeil.* To divert mi Lor from de thought of dis tapageur, son of his, I must get off Miss Augusta for him; but, to see more of this letter of instruction—eh! oh! I have left it on the table in my room—Thomas have borrow Sir Hans's livery to carry her sham message; but if there be danger, we yet want some strong, able, desperate—

*Enter TIMOLIN, melancholy.*

*Tim.* I could be contented with one dinner in three days, because it's a thing I've practis'd with some success—but, my dear master—

*L'Oeil.* Oh! you be got out, where I did lock you—

*Tim.* Here, lock me up again; for I've lost my master, and I don't care how I am.

*L'Oeil.* I suppose you be not overcharg'd vid money, and I take it you be fripon—in your character, roguery be the leading feature.

*Tim.*

*Tim.* I judge that your nose is your leading feature—so I take it. (*advancing*) I, a rogue! produce a proof that I'm one.

*L'Oeil.* Here be a stirring proof. (*shows money*)

*Tim.* So, because you've money, you've a right to call a poor man out of his name.

*L'Oeil.* (*gives it*) Dere now, call me out of my name.

*Tim.* (*looking at it*) Then, you're an honest man and a genteel noble lad. If I can find my lord, this will carry us back to town. (*going*)

*L'Oeil.* Arrêté! dat is for service you will do me. (*looking out*) Milor! go! dat footman vill tell you vat it be. Besides, more reward, if you should be taken up again for little peccadilloz, milor's interest vill release you. Allez!

*Tim.* Paid for doing good before hand! now I've gold and a clear conscience, two companions that are seldom together now a day's. [*Exit.*]

*Enter LORD TORRENDEL.*

*Lord T.* That fellow of Arthur's still lurking about here!

*L'Oeil.* Peste! quelle ballourdise! I have made fine confident in my Lord's scheme, (*aside*) O! my Lord, he only ask —

*Lord T.* I hope you hav'n't let this affair go further than those already concerned?

*L'Oeil.* Oh! no, my Lord! if he knew I had employed this Irishman, I am undone. (*aside*)

*Lord T.* L'Oeillet, I've improved upon your plan. Thomas being in Sir Hans's livery may not be sufficient to persuade Augusta, that she is really sent for by him—now if you could borrow Sir Hans's post chaise, that would effectually remove suspicion—make any excuse, he'll be glad to oblige me.

*L'Oeil.* Diantre! here I go for Sir Hans's coach to carry off Miss Augusta, and have set Thomas and the Irishman to take her off with horses. (*aside*)

*Lord T.* Why, L'Oeillet, you don't seem over-hearty in the cause now?



*L'Oeil.* Oh ! I'm devoted to your Lordship's service.

*Lord T.* Once wheedled into the carriage, a pretext is soon found to get her to Sandgate Island.

*L'Oeil.* Ah ! mais c'est que c'est excellent ça !

*Lord Tor.* About it now—I shall be there before you.

*L'Oeil.* Pardi ! dis is lucky---for now I vill do it myself. I vish tho' I cou'd meet vid dis marouffe, to hinder him meddle in de affair— dat malheureux Irish tief vill do me some mischief. [Exit.

#### SCENE IV.---A Road.

*Enter TIMOLIN, and THOMAS, in Sir Hans's Livery.*

*Tim.* Well, Mr. Thomas, I know all your plan, now you've told me. So here you've borrowed Sir Hans's livery from one of his servants, and you're to go and tell Miss Augusta, he has sent you for her—but, as you may be a cowardly kind of chap, the Mounseer has bid me assist you with my tight bit of arm. Hush ! here she comes.

*Thc.* I thought she was a little girl just left school.

*Tim.* I don't know, whether she goes to school or no—but, this is the very Miss Augusta, that was lock'd up in the castle with me. *(aside)* Oh ! I'll make a neat example of ye all. [they retire.

*Enter Lady TORRENDEL, and COACHMAN.*

*Lady Tor.* My mind is in a state of the most tormenting solicitude ! I wish I knew where to find this young lady, and apprise her of my Lord's designs. Whether to return and wait for him ? I dread the interview, unkind upbraiding often shakes the very basis of affection. Yet I know he'll endeavour, by some artful evasion, to slip from my charge, except I can bring it to a full conviction—but first to afford this poor young man assistance.

*Tim.*



*Tim.* Young man that must be me—she saw I was in distress.

*Lady Tor.* Deliver this to him, without letting him know who it comes from. [*Exit Coachman.*]

*Tim.* Stop! I'm here.

*Lady T.r.* Oh, his servant.

*Tim.* Now, this goodness to me, has determined me, in what I was resolved upon; to save her from all danger. (*aside*)

*Lady T.r.* Perhaps I may now learn, who this young lady is.

*Tim.* (*To Thomas*) Go you, and stay with your horses—I'll deliver the message to her myself.

*Tho.* But you're not in Sir Hans's livery—It won't take her.

*Tim.* How d'ye do, Miss Augusta?

*Lady Tor.* (*aside*) My trusty champion's mistaking me for her, I find, continues.

*Tho.* Miss, your guardian, Sir Hans Burgefs, hopes for your company down at Samphire-hall—he has sent horses.

*Tim.* I'll whisper a few words, that shall bring her directly. Harkye, Miss! don't go, this is a rogue, that wants to coax you again into the mousetrap.

*Lady Tor.* You mistake—I'm not the person.

*Tim.* That's a good thought to deny yourself—I'll second it—are you sure you never saw Miss Augusta before now?

*Tho.* Not I.

*Tim.* Then this is not she—so go about your business.

*Tho.* What!

*Tim.* He wants to inveigle you, to Lord Torrendel. (*apart.*)

*Lord Tor.* Indeed! this is charming, as I supposed! the most lucky opportunity to do good, prevent evil, save the innocent from ruin, and overwhelm the guilty in the blushing shame of his own base intentions. (*aside*) I was apprehensive of some

some error—you've brought horses you say—very well, I'll—wait on my guardian.

[*Timolin stares, and whistles.*]

*Tho.* Then you are Miss Augusta. Why, what did you mean just now by—

*Lady Tor.* Yes, yes, you're right enough.

*Tim.* If they take you for a Lady, that will fly off to an old libertine, they're right enough indeed; but I was wrong, when I thought you a bit of an angel.

*Lady Tor.* Come. (*going*)

*Tim.* A word, ma'am! your charitable intentions just now about me, were good—but, since you give yourself up to this old reprobate, I scorn your assistance, and, if a little turn of virtue, should ever make you repent of your nonsense, don't expect any defence from the soul of Mr. Felix Timolin.

*Lady Tor.* Heavens! I leave a shocking impression on the mind of this worthy creature. (*aside*) Well, well, we shall find time to clear my character.

[*Exit with Thomas.*]

*Tim.* An old rotten potatoe for your character! bye and bye, when you're seen flourishing in carriages, with a different gallant every day, stuck up at your elbow, you'll still be chattering about your character, to all the turnpike-men.

*Enter Lord ARTHUR.*

*Lord Arth.* Yes! it is a baliff—he's at my heels. Timolin, do you see any door open? stand in that spot, you scoundrel.

*Tim.* Oh! if any more of those compliments pass between you and me, it's a toss up who's to pay them.

*Lord Arth.* If he don't touch me, it's no caption.

*Tim.* He's returning with the money, the gay miss gave him for me.

*Enter COACHMAN.*

*Coach.* I've had a good chace after you, Sir.

*Lord*

*Lord Arth.* Attempt to give me a tip, and——

*Coach.* (*taking papers from his pocket*) Here it is—this bill for three hundred pound.

*Tim.* If it was ten thousand, I wou'dn't accept it.

*Lord Arth.* You villain, do I want you to accept bills for me?

*Coach.* It's a good note, and your own too.

*Lord Arth.* Well, I know I have notes and bonds enough out—but if I pay one of them, I'll be damn'd.

*Tim.* Sir, don't frighten yourself, about what doesn't concern you.

*Lord Arth.* Hold your tongue, firrah; of my own accord, I came from our dance, when old Wigham, the justice, sent for me; but, compell'd, I will not go; so let the plaintiff carry the bills in to my father.

*Coach.* Now, Sir, you're too nice. I promised to do the business, and I will. (*offers papers.*)

*Lord Arth.* Aye! he only wants to touch me. (*slips round Timolin.*)

*Tim.* Arrah! what signifies your dancing round me. like a couple of May poles?

*Lord Arth.* Oh, how my fingers——Timolin, knock him down—I wonder whether it's a capture if I touch him.

*Tim.* What are you at with your caps, and hats? The English of the thing is—Miss Augusta, I despise.

*Lord Arth.* Speak so of my divine charmer.

[*Strikes him, and runs off, Coachman after.*]

*Tim.* Oh! if he discharges me, and comes once a day to give me a knock in my cheek, I'm to have a blessed life of it—tho' my honour wou'd not suffer me to take relief from this Miss Augusta. yet I'll try and get the reward from Mounseer. For, If I was to preach in a pulpit as high as Patrick's steeple, the ladies, and gentlemen, would be running after one another, and, till they give roast beef for nothing.

thing, to mere honesty, a guinea is convenient in an empty pocket. [Exit.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

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A C T V.

**SCENE I.**—*Samphire hall: Sir Hans's, and other Houses:—A view of the Sea, bathing Machines, &c.*

*Enter Sir HANS, and ROBIN.*

*Sir H.* A month since i've been down here at my favourite rocks. How do the lodging-houses go on? I hope they keep low with their prices, till the place is known. Aye! I may yet see Samphire-Hall, eclipse Brighton, Weymouth, and Scarborough.

*Rob.* Yez! your honour; for the young Squire has set up a staple commodity of trade, and already the folks bes so merry about'n. You know Humphry Grin, the stone mason, is famous in the letter cutting way—Measter George had gin the freedom of the quarry, and he has established a manufacture for tomb-stones.

*Sir H.* Tomb-stones to make people merry!

*Rob.* He has finished half a dozen choice epitaphs with:

“ *Afflictions sore*  
“ *Long time I bore,*  
“ *Physicians were in vain.*”

*Sir H.* Devil's in his physicians!

(*Walks up. Enter GEORGE.*)

*Geo.* That was certainly Lord Torrendel turn'd into the green lane---muffled up, and seem'd hiding his face. Robin gave me a hint of his designs upon Fanny.

*Sir H.*

*Sir H.* A sweet morning concert for the rooms, of chipping and sawing! Tell Master Grin, he must depart in peace with his merry monuments, from this part of the world. Did you hire a new postillion?

*Rob.* Yes, sir.

[*Exit.*

*Sir H.* (*Sees George.*) Don't come near me--- get a tin pot and a bit of flick, and pick up cockles on the beach---you haven't a soul above a cockle-gatherer, you cursed ouser. Robin! have they put up the shelves in the raffling shop?

*Geo.* Sir, the men are working at their looms.

*Sir H.* Looms?

*Geo.* Instead of encouraging frauds, cheating strangers with paltry toys, I have erected looms, that will give bread to two industrious families. (*Loom heard without.*)

*Sir H.* Why they're Weavers!

*Geo.* Yes, sir, weavers of stockings, gloves, and mittins.

*Sir H.* A stocking loom in the place of my elegant raffling shop!

*Geo.* There's a ribband loom too. This was the first wove in it; for the motto's sake, put it in your hat.

*Sir H.* (*reads*) "Success to Commerce, and lasting happiness to England." Well, let industry throw the shuttle to this motto with all my heart. What smoke's that yonder? clinking of hammers! by the lord it's---

*Geo.* Yes, Sir, it's the forge I built for poor old Grimes.

*Sir H.* What, a smith?

*Geo.* Yes, Sir, a worthy blacksmith.

*Sir H.* Within the very walls of my cold bath, old Grimes blowing his bellows!

*Geo.* What use for a cold bath just on the verge of the ocean? and the farmers want the necessary tools for blessed agriculture.

*Sir H.* I banish you for ever, from my fashionable bathing place. You barbarous young savage!  
after



after my high puff advertisements of cold larders, neat wines, circulating libraries, baths, concerts, balls, billiards, machines, and bathing-caps, to expect to drag people of fashion down here, amongst stocking-loom, tombstones, and bellows-clinkers!

*Geo.* Father, my little colony was famishing on Lord Torrendel's island. Since I have brought them here, in pity don't disturb them.

*Sir H.* A fine ragged colony you've planted.

*Geo.* Consider, Father, industry is a flower that should be encouraged by the genial warmth of patronage.

*Sir H.* By the lord! the fellow's only fit for a plowman, or a weaver.

*Geo.* Well, Sir, the one gives bread, the other cloathing: as a plowman and a weaver are the most useful characters, I know of none more noble.

*Sir H.* Ah plague on it don't talk to me, my very servants will despise you, you dog, I dare say not one of 'em would stir a stump to save your soul and body, you young Beaver.

*Enter ROBIN.*

*Rob.* Your purse, Sir---I found it on the road.

*Geo.* Thank you, Robin.

*Sir H.* George's purse! how much was in it?

*Rob.* More than I can tell - once I knew it to be master George's, I never put finger on the cash it held.

*Sir H.* Suppose it had been my purse?

*Rob.* Ecod! your honour, you might never have seen it again: Gold's a tempting thing, and I don't set up for more honesty than my neighbours; but young Squire's money already belongs to the poor, and he bez a bad man indeed that would take, what the generous heart is so ready to give.

*Geo.* Eh, now Robin, you've been playing tricks, knocking my purse about--its all broke--stupid fellow, I dare say you'd take better care of your own!

*Rob.*

*Rob.* La, Sir, I have no purse, only a little bit of a leather bag, to divide a few shillings from the halfpence. (*Shewing it, which George takes.*)

*Geo.* Whole, and sound, shoudn't have thought of your impudence---tearing one's property--there's my broken one, I shall keep yours. (*Slings it*)

*Rob.* But, Sir, the gold's in it.

*Geo.* Never mind, keep it Robin, you're an honest fellow ; honesty is a true diamond, and should be set in gold. (*puts him off*)

*Sir H.* My generous boy, George, build up and pull down, just as you please ; (*in rapture*) the rich man's safest guard, is the blessings of charity ; but gold is the grand staple of your trade of benevolence—I've brought Miss Woodbine, and her fortune ; go and entertain her.

*Geo.* Isn't that Lord Torrendel's Frenchman. (*looks out.*)

*Re-enter ROBIN.*

*Rob.* Your honour, Mounseer's come from his Lord, to borrow your post-chay—going on a visit, and his own be broke.

*Sir H.* Here's an opportunity to oblige my Lord. He shall have it, and hanfel my new postillion too.

*Geo.* (*aside*) some knavery in this post chaise ! Robin, a word.

*Sir H.* Here still ; hop to the Lady, you cursed curlew ! hold, here she is.

*Enter AUGUSTA.*

*Aug.* 'Twas certainly Arthur cross'd the road. (*aside.*) Sir, I've walked out, to see your charming place here.

*Sir H.* Hem !—I bid him speak to the Lady, and by the Lord he's whispering Robin ; George, address her with rapture.

*Geo.* Yes, Sir ! Madam, the—great—pleasure of—Robin.

*! Exit, talking with Robin.*  
G Sir

*Sir H.* The great pleasure of—Robin! oh! the devil's in you for a fine amorous scoundrel! Stop, you Sir. *[Exit.]*

*Aug.* This young gentleman is an unadorned casket, enclosing the most delicate springs of sensibility; but that heart is not for me; or rather mine is not for him. I must not cherish an hopeless passion for Arthur; it, as Sir Hans tells me, another possesses his affections.

*Enter FANNY, in hat, cloak, &c.*

Fanny!

*Fan.* My dear governess, I've got down to you; I'm only come, because you are here——where's George?

*Aug.* You only come because I'm here——"where's "George!" Ah, Fanny!

*Fan.* I've made papa bring me too—by a monstrous fib though. I've told him, Sir Hans wants him on most prodigious business.

*Enter LORD ARTHUR.*

*Lord Arth.* Distanced the nabber! my lovely partner! who could expect to find you here, like a sea-nymph sent from old Neptune's palace, to make mortals plunge into the ocean, enamoured from this divine specimen of aquatic beauty.

*Aug.* Most heroically gallant indeed, Sir.

*Fan.* Now for something gallant to me—How d'ye do, Sir? *(curtsies)*

*Lord Arth.* Ah! little titmouse, suppose, my love, you step and gather a few honeyuckles from the hedge yonder.

*Fan.* George might have had the manners to meet, and make nymphs of other people. Titmouse, indeed! *[Exit.]*

*Lord Arth.* Madam, you see before you, a fellow the most wretched——*(aside)* shall I venture to declare my love? no—farewell.

*Aug.* Whither, Sir, are you going?

*Lord*

*Lord Arth.* The truth is, Madam, tho' Great-Britain's large, I'm drove to the water's edge, where I'll step into, and push off the first fishing boat I can find; for abandon'd by my father, and pursued by——England, Madam, is no home for me. If I can get across the channel, amongst camps, and batteries, my empty scone may keep a bullet from a head that has brains in it.

*Aug.* Your fortunes, Sir, are not, perhaps, so desperate---your mother was——

*Lord Arth.* How! Madam, have you heard?—she is I hope an angel---and you my heaven. (*kneels.*)

*Enter COACHMAN.*

*Coach.* Overtaken you at last!

*Lord Arth.* I'll be damn'd if you have thought! (*runs off.*)

*Coach.* I'll be damn'd but I will though! (*runs after him.*)

*Aug.* Unhappy youth! they'll pursue him to despair; but I'm usurping a concern that belongs to the mistress of his heart; yet, tho' I must not love, am I to reject all feelings of humanity.

*Re-enter FANNY.*

*Fan.* (*joyful*) Oh! governess, I have asked the postillion to give us a roll on the beach—you don't know half this sweet place.

*Aug.* In the chaise I may have a better chance of seeing which way he takes. (*aside.*)

*Fan.* (*aside*) Mustn't tell 'twas my Lord's valet proposed our ride, she's so squeamish.

*Aug.* Does Sir Hans know of this jaunt?

*Fan.* Very true—he may not let us go; I have it, sit in the chaise till I come; I'll fetch your hat and cloak. [*Exit.*]

*Aug.* Is this prudent, but no time for reflection, Arthur may be lost for ever. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A parlour in Sir HANS's.**Enter DICKINS.*

*Dick.* Devilish good place the Knight has got here; a fine prospect of the sea; a pretty mortgage; and I may pick up such a bit as this, with Torrendel's interest—what can this be, Sir Hans has sent for me!

*Enter FANNY, looking about.*

*Fan.* My governess is so giddy—where can she have left her hat.

*Dick.* Oh, Fanny, where's your friend Augusta? you seem all upon the fidgets.

*Fan.* (*confused*) Oh no, Sir.—Lud! the two old boys will be running after us—what can I think of to keep them here? oh, true, my fine fib. (*aside*) Papa, I wonder why Sir Hans has sent for you; do you know? (*archly*.)

*Dick.* No, child, but I shall if I can get to see him.

*Fan.* Here he is, ha, ha, ha! (*aside*) only look papa, what a fine prospect at that window; you can see, I believe, to the Isle of Wight.

*Dick.* Oh no; but very fine. (*looks out at window*.)

*Enter Sir HANS.*

*Sir H.* Fanny, where's your papa?

*Fan.* He's there, Sir, but his head is so full of this serious affair, he's come down to tell you.

*Sir H.* Oh, very well.

*Fan.* He, he, he; now each will be so full of expectation of the other telling, when there is nothing to tell, it may bring them into a squabble, and that will keep them as close as a game of backgammon—but deuce, where's Augusta's hat? he, he, he.

*[Exit.*

*Sir H.* Ah, Dickins! how do you do?

*Dick.*



*Dick. (turning)* Oh, Sir Hans, well, I've trundled down to you in a whiff.

*Sir H.* Then the affair is very urgent? sit down.

*Dick.* Of consequence, I hope; for I had a good deal to do.

*Sir H.* And so?

*Dick.* Well

*Sir H.* Well? so furlen, I was alarmed! but does it concern me so much?

*Dick.* That you best know.

*Sir H.* How the Devil should I know!

*Dick. (peevish)* Well then, when you tell me, perhaps I may know.

*Sir H.* When you tell me, perhaps I may not know. But come.

*Dick.* Aye?

*Sir H.* The fellow's afraid of being overheard I suppose; come, I'll fasten the door.

*Dick.* Oh, if it is of so much consequence, and secrecy, I'll fasten this door to. *(both rise and go to opposite doors)* There now, we are quite safe. *(sits down.)* aye?

*Sir H.* Aye? *(they put their heads as listening)*

*Dick.* What the devil do you sit gaping! why don't you out with it?

*Sir H.* Why do you sit staring and stretching your neck? why don't you tell it at once?

*Dick.* You sent for me down about your business—and, zounds! what is it? that I may go about mine.

*Sir H.* I sent for you! you came here to tell me of something of great importance—tell it, and shorten your visit, when you please, Sir. *(both rise.)*

*Dick.* Sir, your ill manners, in your own house, are equal to your impudence in bringing me into it for nothing.

*Sir H.* Impudence, you vulgar man! it's well you are in my house, or, by the hand of this body, I'd have you pitch'd out of the window.

*Dick.* Pitch me, you hard-headed old fool! if Torrendel was to behave so, I'd —

**Sir H.** I shall choak.—(*rings*) You're under my roof, you pleb—so say what you will — Robin Hoofs!

**Dick.** Damn your hoofs, and your horns, Sir! I can quit your house myself. You're as impudent as Torrendel. (*puts on his hat, and gloves.*)

*Enter FANNY, crying, with Augusta's hat.*

**Fan.** Oh George! George! my Governess has run away with George! false fellow! to dress himself up as the new postillion, and drive off with my Governess, when I only turned to fetch her hat and cloak.

**Sir H.** My son drive off with Augusta! Huzza! he's a dasher.

**Fan.** And then Lord Torrendel's valet, to jump up behind the chaise—'twas all a pack'd thing to deceive me. (*cries.*)

**Sir H.** What! sounds! the Frenchman gone off with my ward.

**Fan.** Yes, they'll surely be married.

**Dick.** What, the Frenchman?

**Fan.** No! George! (*peevish*) Did I know where, i'd stand up in the church, and forbid the banns.

**Dick.** But where are they gone?

**Fan.** Rattled down the beach, towards Sandgate Island.

**Sir H.** Zounds! Robin Hoofs, John, the devil, I've lost my ward. [*Exeunt.*]

**Fan.** Yes, I heard Sir Hans brought her down here to marry George; a demure looking-thing, she knew better than to take the mad Lord, and I, myself to introduce her to my George; this is female friendship indeed, here's my friend's hat, and my friend's ribbands, oh that I had herself here.

[*Exit tearing the hat.*]

SCENE

SCENE III; *and last.*—Sandgate Island; one *scattered* house, and a few wretched cottages.

*Enter Lord ARTHUR.*

*Lord Arth.* Damn the ferryman, not to run his boat boldly in the creek—oblige me to dash through the water! If I could but get over to the continent, I'd fight like a true volunteer—the first Ensign that dropt, pick up his colours—huzza! I wish I had a few shillings, to pay my passage in some fishing smack.

*Enter COACHMAN.*

There again—by Heavens! you shan't have all the bailiff-work to yourself—we'll have a tussle for it—if you are stronger, I go---if not, I commit your body to master shark---beyond, or into this sea I dash you.

*Coachm.* Then, there Sir, is a three hundred pound Bank of England note---now I've at last done my job. *[drops it, and exits.]*

*Lord Arth.* *(picking it up)* It is---and I to mistake my bright angel for the blackest of all imps, a catchpole! three hundred! now they shall see who is Lord Arthur D'Aumerle---who from? my kind father, doubtless. Now I've cash, where is my poor faithful Timolin. *(with feeling)*

*Enter ROBINSON.*

A dreary Island, but one house--you live yonder, master.

*Robinson.* Live! ah, Sir. *(sighs.)*

*Lord Arth.* Complain! Why, in the winter here, you've storms in high perfection--snow, hail, rain, lightning and thunder, neat as imported--no door to your house, and scarce a house to your door! the spangled canopy your bed-testers, and for a clear prospect no glass to your windows! not a tree on your island, because you wou'd not harbour noisy rooks to discompose your slumbers!--nor even a bush!

buff! but that's vanity---that you might have it to say, you challenge the globe round to shew a spot more desolate.

*Robinson.* Why, Sir, but for the charity of Mr. George Burgess we should be worse. He has unpeopled our island tho' and settled them comfortably near his father's. Since Lord Torrendel, our landlord, leaves us to his Frenchman and that Master Dickins, I wish they'd take the house off my hands.

*Lord Arth.* They'll be taking it presently from about your ears—(*aside.*) Ha! ha! ha! I'm tickled with a strange ambition—I'll be king of this island from my father's sole inheritance. Old Crusoe, I'll enchant your house from the court of poverty, to the castle of comfort.

*Robinson.* You look comfort in your happy face. Welcome, sir, Dame! [*Exit.*]

*Lord Arth.* This island is now my territory—here am I king! oh! for my queen! but plague of my palace. [*Exit.*]

*Enter L'OUILLET, and BOATMAN.*

*L'Oeil.* Now dat your comrade has brought lady over in toder boat, let no one else cross but Milor. (*Exit Boatman.*) Ah! quel bonheur to find Augusta myself! now Montieur Thomas and dat villain Irith thief may hunt her for deir own recreation—la voice—dis solitary isle—here milor have no person to interrupt.— [*retires.*]

*Enter AUGUSTA.*

*Aug.* The desire of seeing my cousin Arthur once again, before it is too late, can scarcely reconcile me to this step—altogether this island wears a most forbidding aspect—I'll return, and sit in the chaise, till Fanny comes. (*going.*)

*L'Oeil.* Ah! ma chere (*preventing her.*) You must wait for Milor.

*Aug.* He here! heavens! I'm betrayed—I see my folly.

*L'Oeil.*



*L'Oeil.* I was your laquais, mon ange, and did sit behind de chaise, and you did not know.

*Aug.* Pray, sir, suffer me to go.

*L'Oeil.* Oui, to Londres ! dere Milor vill buy you fine cloaths and jewels, and you vill shine at operas and ball and concert, and he will kiss your hand dus. (*offers to kiss her hand.*)

*Enter LORD ARTHUR.*

*Lord Arth.* How ! (*strikes him.*)

*L'Oeil.* Diantre ! (*runs off. Lord Arthur pursues. A plunge as if in water, is heard.*)

*Re-enter ARTHUR.*

*Aug.* Heavens ! sir, what have you done ?

*Lord Arth.* Only cast my bait into the sea—Lucifer will always bite at a scoundrel.

*Aug.* Sir, he'll be drown'd.

*Lord Arth.* A soufe, madam ! he's already a pickled dog—don't be alarm'd—you're safe now from even the shadow of insult. How came you here in this remote place with that scoundrel ? speak—but no matter—you seem distress'd.

*Aug.* (*aside.*) Vice should not humble the father in the opinion of the son. (*aside.*)

*Lord Arth.* Lean upon me, ma'am—holloo ! old Crufoe, where's your dame ? come, madam. (*leads Augusta in.*)

*Enter LORD TORRENDEL.*

*Lord Tor.* Should L'Oeillet get my Augusta safe, here is no accommodation ; I thought I had some tenants on this island ! they've let the place run strangely to ruin. Confusion ! Sir Hans !

*Enter Sir HANS, DICKINS, GEORGE, and ROBIN, with postillions dress in hand.*

*Dick.* But dem it squire, why disguise yourself ; sure you could'n't be a confederate with that French pandar, to steal my daughter's governess ?

*Sir*

*Sir H. Aye, George, where was the necessity of using a title, to run away with Augusta, the very girl I wanted to give you.*

*Geo.* Then to explain the mystery—some base designs of others, have sunk me into a schemer of stratagems. My lord, my name is Burgeis.—I'm no profess'd knight-errant, yet I openly avow that I will endeavour henceforth to protect female innocence from your lordship's dishonourable purposes. *[Exit.*

*Sir H. Bravo! George. He has been drinking hock with Lord Arthur.---My Lord, I'll talk to you.* *[Exit.*

*Dict.* My Lord, to you I'll talk. *[Exit.*

*Lord T.* Then no shelter from open shame, but to turn champion myself! besides, the storm once blown over, my seeming her protector wins her love by gratitude.

*Enter TIMOLIN.*

*Tim.* Oh, my Lord, here flies the sweet creature, with her character under her arm.

*Lord T.* That villain, L'Oeillet, make my son's servant a party in this business.

*Enter Lady TORRENDEL, veiled, and THOMAS*

*Lady T.* Where's my guardian? how! *(half apart.)*

*Tim.* Aye, I told you, but you wou'd run headlong to the devil. And there he stands, ready to receive you.

*Lord T.* What's your purpose, you scoundrels, in bringing the lady to this lonely place?

*Tim.* Our purpose! well, that's very high! —

*Lord T.* Madam, rely upon my protection. I am bound by honour to defend you from every insult.

*Lady T.* Certainly, my lord! every gentleman should be the protector of his wife. *(discovers herself)*

*Lord T.* Lady Torrendel! damnation!

*Tim.*

*Tim.* The Lady herself ! then 'twas to her husband she was running, oh ! here's a wonder, and a blunder ! [Exit.]

*Lady T.* My Lord, I see you are confounded, yet could I hope your present humiliation proceeded from a sorrow that promised repentance and consequent reformation, my heart's feelings for the man I did love and honour, should melt me to compassion ! *(weeps)* but no ! my Lord ! take my resentment ! my deserved, and bitter reproach ! grief cannot reach a breast so callous as yours ! it is only the stings of a wounded pride, and disappointed purpose, that now agitates you ; reflect ! return an humble gratitude to heaven for having made my unexpected arrival here the means of snatching you from the repetition of a crime the most hostile to society. A selfish, transient gratification, that must banish for ever an unhappy female from the paths of honour ! shun'd thro' life by the best part of her own sex !---and even despised by you ! the author of her shame ! your wrongs to me are nothing, but your meditated misis, tricks, and plans, which you call gallantries reflect only a disgrace on the dignity of manhood !

*Lord T.* Lady Torrendel---I confess I'm altogether somewhat shocked, and wish---I say---I'm very unhappy to see---that is---I'm unhappy at your suspecting---

*Lord T.* Oh, you mistake, my Lord ! I have no suspicions ! mine are all certainties---but even if you consider my throwing the past into the shade of oblivion, any indulgence, I shall insist upon a few conditions, and the first---turn your countenance and protection to that poor deserted youth ! you are, as a parent, responsible for every violation that your neglect has occasioned him to make on the laws of propriety ; if you refuse, I will be his parent, and I henceforth regard your poor friendless son, with all the care and tenderness of maternal affection.

*Enter*

*Enter Lord ARTHUR.*

*Lord T.* He too, a witness !

*Lord Arth.* Huzza, the joy that laughs on me, shall smile on all around ; sir, I thank you for your bounty, but—

*Enter COACHMAN.*

*Coach.* My lady, I gave Lord Arthur the money, and—

*Lady T.* Well ! well !

*Lord Arth.* How ! from you, madam.

*Lord T.* Did you give countenance and relief, where wives, in general, look with contempt and even hatred. Madam, can you pardon ?

*Lady T.* My Lord, your conduct renders you rather an object of pity, than resentment—you have implicitly delivered up your fortune, your character, nay more, my Lord, your honour, to be the sport and property of an infamous parasite—your confidential favourite, your French Valet, has counteracted the rectitude of your intentions, by embezzelling the sums he had for purposes dictated by duty and nature. O ! why will those who possess the godlike power of doing good, delegate a base, unworthy agent, for the kind purposes of soft humanity.

*Lord Arth.* Then, madam, 'twas you that relieved me. You're an angel—angel you shall see ! where's my divine Augusta ?

*Enter Sir HANS, DICRINE, GEORGE, AUGUSTA, and TIMOLIN.*

*Sir H.* Here, boy, take Augusta, (*advancing.*)

*Lord Arth.* (*advancing.*) Thank ye, Sir Hans !

*Sir H.* Thank ye, indeed, for that ! George, devils in you ! will you lose your wife so ?

*Geo.* I've one ready at hand—father, with your leave and her own consent.



*Enter FANNY, TIMOLIN sneaks in at the back.*

*Dick.* To be sure, I consent—and we all consent.

*Fan.* Oh ! yes ! we all consent—my dear governess, are you going to be married ? it seems I'm going to be married. He ! he ! he ! eh ! George ?

*Sir H.* To see my son taken before my face with an, he ! he ! he ! s'blood, fir ! let the girl go, ha, he, he, indeed.

*Dick.* Then I discover your tricks, fir, oh ! oh ! oh ! indeed !—madam, no matter what he says—you are fit to direct to your uncle Woodbine's fortune. *Timolin* throw it into my bank, chuse me your guardian, I'll recover—dem'me I'll send Sir Nob a sheet of cracklin ramskin, that shall reach from Chancery-lane, to the “ devil and bag of nails, at Chelsea.”

*Lord Arth.* Can this be !

*Aug.* Indeed ! well, even so the property of the mother should devolve to the son, to him I resign it.

*Lord Arth.* No ! sooner than take it from you, my generous cousin, Timolin and I will buffet the world again—where are you, old Bagatrot Castle ?

*Tim.* I'm here, your honour, dead or alive--we'll jump into our boots, before they're bought--and pull justice's wigs about---away, master ! I'm your man thro' thick and thin, fire and smoke.

*Lord Arth.* I could force myself to accept this fortune---that is, with a certain sweet'ner, --Will you, my Augusta, accompany it ?

*Aug.* Then, fir, for paltry gold, you'd quit your love ! oh ! fie !

*Sir H.* Devil's in you, child ! I was only joking about the girl over the hock, to make you marry George. (*Lord Arthur kisses her hand.*)

*Lord T.* Why, this is right. Lady Torrendel, your unexampled liberality will reclaim me into a husband and a father---my boy, were blessings mine, you should have one from me.

H

*Tim.*

*Tim.* Then, as you're not worth a blessing, show'r a bundle of yellow-boys upon us both.

*Dick.* A good motion throw them into my bank.

*Lord Arth.* My Lord, father, and you most adored Augusta, if I am destined to affluence, here is my model, (*to George*) who can forego the comforts of life to bestow its necessaries on the indigent !

*Sir H.* Why, zounds ! my most magnificent, gay Arthur, I thought you was to be George's model, and that he'd have grace enough like you to play the devil.

*Lord Arth.* So he shall---we'll kick Care out of the window, our abode shall be the House of Joy, and the first card of invitation shall be, to the Man of Sorrow.

*My faults how great ! but as no soft'ring care  
Did ever smile upon misfortune's heir !  
The outcast oh receive ! your pardon give,  
And in your favour, let him happy live !*

THE END.



